JOHN BULL, week ending August 5, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI 1990

3D EVERY THURSDAY

AIR RAID INSURANCE FREE for EVERY READER

GUINEAS FOR SERVICE LETTERS

HITLER'S LAST PHASE *by A.G.G.*

My goodness-

Life is brighter after Guinness

G.E.1220.C

MARMITE
SANDWICHES
are so nourishing
Nowadays it's not easy to find fillings for sandwiches. But you'll love Marmite sandwiches *and* they are really sustaining too. So easy to make; just mix Marmite with margarine or dripping and spread the appetising paste between the slices.
Marmite, the Yeast food-extract provides vitamins of the B group and adds nourishment as well as flavour to all soups stews and gravies.
MARMITE
2 OZ EXTRACT NET
Ask your grocer for **MARMITE**

FOOD FACTS

Seven Questions about your Ration Book

Here is an opportunity to see that your new Ration Book is in order. There are several things that you should have done with it.

In earlier Food Facts the Ministry of Food has answered all the likely questions about the new Ration Book. Now it is the Ministry's turn to ask *you* some questions!

Look at your new Ration Book—which will be your food-friend and provider for a whole year of meals.

- *Have you removed your clothing book and written your name, address and National Registration number on it?*
- *Have you registered afresh with retailers—except for milk?*
- *Have you written your address and National Registration number on the front?*
- *Have you filled in Section A on page 5?*
- *Have you written the name and address of your milk retailer in Section B on page 5?*
- *Have you made sure that the names and addresses of your retailers are on page 6?*
- *Have you made a mental note to keep your new Ration Book flat and unfolded?*

Remember to write your name, National Registration number and Food Office code number on the top of any page of sweet coupons which you cut out.

SUGAR for JAM MAKING You will be allowed an extra 1 lb. of sugar for domestic jam making during the 4-weekly rationing period No. 1 (i.e. from 23rd July to 19th August). Two special coupons will be used for this extra sugar. These are the two "K" coupons (each worth ½ lb. of sugar) numbered 3 and 4 at the top right-hand corner on page 15 of your *new* Ration Book, and they may be used at any time between 23rd July and 19th August.

You cannot take preserves instead of this extra sugar ration.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 212A

Children in danger!

Are you running foolish and unnecessary risks with your children's health? Loving care does not protect them from diphtheria—the germs are everywhere, and spread from one child to another. The only real safeguard is immunisation. More than six million children have been immunised—but four million are still unprotected. The best time is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be protected without delay.

What do I do...?

I apply *at once* to my local Council Offices, Welfare Centre or School, to have my children immunised free of charge.

I remember that immunisation is a safe and simple safeguard which has saved thousands of lives—and can save many more.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

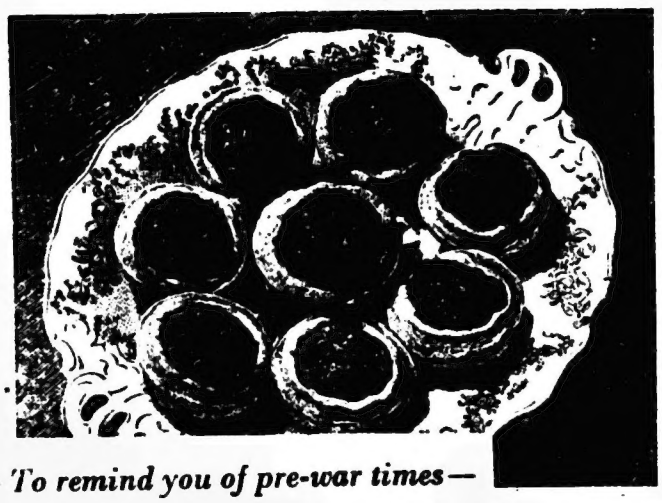
Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Good News
for growing children

A small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate has been made. All the food value of full-cream milk is retained in this chocolate. For growing children who need the extra nourishment, it is a rare wartime treat.

The amount is small but it is being distributed fairly in the areas we supply. When your turn comes, please see that the children get it.

CADBURYS *Milk* Chocolate



To remind you of pre-war times—

these delightful DORSET TARTLETS!

These delightful little Dorset Tartlets look positively pre-war. Better still, they *taste* pre-war! Why not try making some for tonight?

INGREDIENTS: Shortcrust pastry; a little jam. *For the filling:* 2 teaspoons Rowntree's Cocoa, 3 oz. margarine, 4 oz. plain flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (reconstituted with 2 tablespoons water), ½ teaspoon baking powder, 2 oz. sugar, vanilla essence.

METHOD: Line some patty tins with the short pastry and place a little jam in each. Then make the filling as follows: cream the margarine and sugar and beat in the reconstituted egg. Sift together the flour, Rowntree's Cocoa, and baking powder, and stir into the beaten batch. Add vanilla essence. Place a teaspoon of this mixture in each patty pan and bake in a moderately hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

IMPORTANT: So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it *your* family's meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

Scotland makes you a promise. No. 3

Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness

THE reaping machines have begun to clatter across the Lothian oat fields. The Scotch mists have swollen the oat grains until they hang heavy on their stalks. Even the rabbits seem to know it's harvest time. Having lived on the fat of the land in the oat fields for the past few weeks, something tells them it would be safer to move on.

The oats are now four feet tall. It seems almost a pity they should be cut. But these are Scotch oats: good to look upon but even better to eat. Most of the grain will be eagerly snapped up to be made into rolled-oats: a food rich in such essentials as Vitamin B_1, Carbohydrates, Proteins and Fats. This winter these valuable foods will be on your breakfast table. When you buy a packet of Scott's Porage Oats you will be buying the pick of these Scotch oats, which at this moment are falling before the knives of the reaping machines.

Scott's *porage* Oats
SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

Made by A. & R. Scott Limited, at West Mills, Colinton, Midlothian, Scotland

'Holidays at Home'
... but 'happy as sandboys'

Lucky children! Lending a hand on the land—and glorying in the health and energy which delicious Weetabix so effectively helps to maintain.

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1

—Zoned, but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area

WX47 WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 5, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

Chance for the Young

BY THE EDITOR

● Fifty young engineers have met in conference. They have listened to the advice of Mr. Jack Tanner, president of the trade union to which they belong—the A.E.U. They have put forward their own proposals.

"We are deeply concerned that the exploitation of youth labour shall cease," Mr. Tanner said, "and that along with the elimination of blind-alley jobs for boys—which lead to the scrap-heap at 18—there will be eliminated also the narrow conception of training boys in one firm for one trade."

He spoke to young men who had not been left to rot in the mass misery of a Great Slump, whose experience was not limited to the school desk and the street corner, and whose income was a little more than the pittance paid over the "dole" counter.

★ ★ ★

In such respects, at least, the lads who are growing to manhood during the war are more fortunate than many of the young men who are fighting for their country to-day.

And it is the duty of the nation as a whole to ensure that never again will the young be robbed of their self-esteem and hope itself by the penurious idleness of unemployment, or be overworked and underpaid by an industrial system concerned only with profit.

A tentative statement has indeed been issued by the Government. And this White Paper on "Youth Service after the War," as we said in a leading article last October, contains proposals of good sense and great worth.

But proposals are no substitute for policy. Moreover, as one lad pointed out to the A.E.U. conference, between the new school-leaving age of 15 and the beginning of technical training at 16 a year is wasted "in which youths will forget what little mathematics they ever learned."

★ ★ ★

These omissions in the new education scheme must be rectified. Above all, the Government must formulate a youth policy that will cover not only education but employment.

That, surely, should be one of the first duties of our leaders.

JOHN BULL does not share the Hollywood belief that the young are invested with a mysterious glamour. But we know that the future of this land lies with the young, that the young have been victimised and cheated in the past, and that the young are doing much to defeat the forces of barbarism now.

And we say that now is the right time to ensure that this land will be good enough for young people to live in after the war is won.

ROKOSSOVSKY is the name. A toweringly tall, quiet son of a Polish nobleman. At forty-two he is the youngest Marshal of the Soviet Union and the "Hammer of the Huns."

In thirty days he has spanned half the distance to Berlin—an unprecedented military achievement. And still his tanks, cavalry and infantry sweep on.

Stalingrad's Hero

A bookish man, this hero of Stalingrad and the victor of Vitebsk. But his latest offensive, which some experts have called "impetuous," is yet another proof that the thinker makes the best man of action.

His action will probably continue until he reaches the German capital.

North and South

He is ably supported. Immediately to the south, Marshal Koniev has turned the enemy line. To the north, General Cherniakhovsky is outflanking the Baltic States.

The faster they drive, of course, the greater become their supply difficulties. So the Russians still need Anglo-American assistance.

One More River

The Germans evidently hoped to halt them on Warsaw's broad river, the Vistula. But what is one more river to the men who had crossed the Volga, the Don, the Dnieper, the Dniester?

Now the enemy must think again and regroup his forces. Probably he will seek to make a stand across the centre of Poland. And no doubt the Russians will be able to answer in two words: "Too late!"

Into France

And great events are shaping in France. Those of last week showed quite plainly that Montgomery had been using the British and Canadians to hold down the enemy's armour while the Americans, commanded by General Bradley, set a gigantic trap for the German infantry.

But this move to encircle fifty thousand of the enemy, sensational though it was, was but a preliminary in the grand design.

Swinging Round

Far more important was the opportunity created for Bradley to swing his forces round behind Rommel's main position. Thus the enemy would be faced by the British and Canadians in front, while the Americans would take the dug-in Tigers and anti-tank defences in the rear: an intolerable and disastrous situation for the German commander.

Particularly as he had committed himself to a stand-up fight, and could not easily withdraw into the interior of France!

Running Short

There is evidence that he is running short of men, guns and munitions.

The battle for northern France, therefore, may well be decided earlier than could have been expected a few weeks ago.

Quick Mover

In Italy, Alexander's speed is outstepping the official schedule. At least three stories now being whispered in Whitehall show how highly he rates in the Prime Minister's estimation. In view of his triumphs at Dunkirk, in Burma, the Middle East, and Sicily, we may surmise that Italy will not be the scene of his final success. And watch Tito. He has had little to report lately. But he will provide more good news in the future.

The Admirable Admiral

The next name to note is Chester Nimitz. This American admiral of German descent has one ambition: to crush the Japanese. His deeds do not lag behind his aims.

He was the victor of that historic, incredible battle of Midway Island. Then for two years he remained quiet, building up a force which has become the scourge of the Japanese. Task Force 58, including battleships and aircraft carriers, able to put a thousand aircraft into the sky, is changing the complexion of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Admiral Nimitz, creator of the United States' formidable Task Force 58

What Next?

It has sent the Japanese fleet scuttling for cover. It has blasted Truk, the great enemy naval base. It has captured Saipan, at a cost of 1,474 American dead and 7,400 wounded—a high but not excessive price for the gravest strategic defeat yet imposed on Tokyo's war lords.

We shall hear more of Chester Nimitz.

Aiding the Axis

An American of pure stock and patrician bearing provides other welcome news. Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, has denounced the Argentine Government for assisting the Axis.

JOHN BULL has previously urged Mr. Eden to take a more realistic view of the Argentine's semi-Fascism. Mr. Hull sets him an example.

Mr. Bevin Looks Ahead

Fortunately, no wool overhangs Mr. Bevin's eyes. His speech on the International Labour Office was an emphatic reminder that one of the requisites of peace must be a raising of labour conditions by international agreement.

And, as we have said before, we couldn't imagine a more suitable head for a post-war I.L.O. than Mr. Bevin himself.

We Are Not Amused

One suggestion, however, will surely make him echo Queen Victoria's famous retort to a doubtful jest—a newspaper's serious suggestion that the mining industry "needs the urge and stimulus of private enterprise to put it on its feet again."

The same private enterprise that half-starved the miners and failed to modernise the mines?

No, pitmen and ourselves are not amused.

Bombs and Rockets

As for Southern England, some of its flying bombs are undoubtedly coming from new bases in Holland. Nor is there any doubt that a very high proportion of these monsters are destroyed before making landfall.

But there is no confirmation that rocket guns, said to have a range of several hundred miles, are being tested in Poland preparatory to use against us. None the less, we should be very unwise to rule out the possibility.

In the Ashes

The Government's Town and Country Planning Bill applies to bomb-shattered houses. And that's about all. A miserable compromise, it shirks the job of re-planning Britain.

Mr. Churchill promised during the blitz that our ruined cities would rise again "beautiful, resplendent, Phœnix-like from the ashes of the dead." Alas, Mr. W. S Morrison cannot produce a Phœnix, so offers us more ashes instead.

(Continued overleaf)

"WE SHALL BEAT THE FLY BOMB" SAYS MORRISON

BUT IN THE MEANTIME—

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Guards, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Registered readers are automatically qualified for the full range of benefits. You need not re-register unless you change your address or newsagent. Readers who have not yet registered can obtain registration forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Straight from the Shoulder —continued from preceding page

THE plan put forward last week for the rebuilding of the City of London was of importance to every citizen of every bomb-damaged town in the country. It can fairly be seen as a hint of things to come up and down the land.

And the plan, preliminary and tentative though it is, is seriously disappointing.

Vested Interests Win

The suggestions were described by the *Times* as the least spectacular so far published for London. That was a very kind way of saying that vested business interests have scored a first triumph; that the rehabilitation of commerce has been the guiding principle.

Worry ? Not Us

The prosperous old gentlemen who make up the Court of Common Council of the Corporation of London listened to details of the scheme with complacent good humour. They laughed when something tickled them, growled when they got bored

They had nothing to worry about apparently. Practical common sense was scoring over enlightenment every time.

Keep Watch

Which all means that unless the authorities are watched, not only in London but in every other centre of population, we shall see the rebuilding of dingy office blocks and mean little streets, with the greatest possible economy in open spaces.

How is it Done ?

The lucky Southerners who manage to cross that indefinable line to reach peace and quiet this August Bank Holiday week-end will return slightly puzzled. How on earth do we stand it? They will wonder.

Right from the start we said on this page that the flying-bombs would be withstood. That was before their real terror was known. And we suggested that it would be the old story of the soldier under shellfire who turns to his little grievances.

Mean Excuse

That is exactly what has happened. Chief complaints, of course, have been directed at the evacuation methods and they are dealt with elsewhere this week. One bit of mean evasion can be mentioned here.

There is a small, private boarding school in a Nottinghamshire village. Last minute arrangements were made to board scholars in houses close by so that the residents had an adequate excuse ready when the billetting officer called.

Uphill Work

Meanwhile, a few hundred yards away, two women volunteers toiled for seven hours without a break on house-to-house calls. When they'd finished they had placed only four evacuees.

Over the Border

Admiral Sir Edward Evans, London Civil Defence chief, has received a letter this week from a group of light rescue workers. They are angry because red tape is interfering with their job and holding up the removal of casualties.

Jealousy on the part of local authorities survives in any bomb emergency apparently. We have definite proof that rescue work has been held up in the London region because the Civil Defence men first on the scene were out of their administrative area.

Bell Mystery

A small point, but an interesting one, in view of the present position of fire guards. . . . Why is it that a bomb in a crowded business district sets off burglar alarms which are allowed to ring sometimes for hours afterwards?

Presumably every building is accessible to the firewatchers. Presumably the firewatchers are always ready to hand. Then why doesn't someone switch off?

Northern "Thank You"

In contrast to the occasional hard words exchanged lately between north and south comes a letter from a Blackburn reader, Mr. John A. Davey, of London Road. He's heard from his son, now in France and the son wants to say "thank you" to Londoners for the way they treated troops passing through before D-Day. For many young soldiers it was the first glimpse of the capital. They went out thinking it was worth fighting for.

Cross About Beer

Some members of the N.F.S. down Brixton way have been wondering whether it really is worth fighting for. Their's is only a temporary feeling, of course. But they're very cross because their brewery has stopped supplies to the firemen's canteen as there have been further calls for beer for the Forces.

They point out that members of the N.F.S. have been on active service now for the last four years—longer than a good many troops. There's a lot in that. Perhaps the cut should have fallen once again on civilians.

Money Back

The argument between one of our readers and the Metropolitan Water Board has been settled—amicably. The reader complained because he'd paid 12s. 6d. for his garden hose supply and was offered a refund of only 6s. 3d. when the ban on hoses was imposed. Now, the Board has agreed to credit him with the full 12s. 6d.

In the special circumstances, this is a fair and reasonable arrangement. It doesn't mean that a full refund would be justified in every case—it depends on whether you saved water before the ban came into force.

Market Price ?

Another little money matter is raised by a member of the A.T.S. She says that a notice appeared on Orders to the effect that there were some bathing caps for sale at 3s. 2½d. each. She and others put down their names.

We have seen one of the bathing caps. Our correspondent puts its value, even in these days, at 6½d.

First in the Field

THE ROCKET MICE

ONE thing that man has not yet done is to fly in a rocket.

In that particular branch of travel he has been forestalled by the "tim'rous beastie."

It was shortly after Dr. Robert H. Goddard, the most brilliant pioneer in the development of the rocket on scientific lines, had published the results of his experiments in 1919 that a certain group of experimental mice became the world's first rocket passengers.

Placed in the comfortable compartment of a very expensive gyro-controlled rocket specially constructed for them, they were projected at an incredible speed through the sky, coming to earth again apparently none the worse in health.

Possibly the only other living rocket passenger to date was a certain Indian cockerel who, a few years ago, was placed inside a rocket and incontinently shot across the Ganges river.

He, too, arrived in perfect health—in such good fettle, indeed, that history records he emerged from his streamlined vehicle fighting mad!

Events move so swiftly these days that it is impossible to say that man may not follow his example at any hour.

But the mice were first in the field. P.S.

JOHN BULL said it!

● **"Amazing Housing Revolution. The pre-fabricated house, which can be assembled in a few days from standard, factory-made units of concrete, wood or metal, is entering the market."**

That appeared in our columns seven years ago!

Now the news is getting around. It has become incorporated in Government policy. Mr. Churchill has told the nation: "I hope we may make up to half a million of these pre-fabricated houses, which will be far superior to the average cottage."

Above is the kitchen unit in one of the houses approved by the Government.

The Stars—

There may be some doubt about that being profiteering. There's no doubt at all that Mr. Robert A. Jolliffe, of the Moat, Aston, Clinton, Buckinghamshire, is overcharging for his eight-page leaflet, "The Seven Year Cycle."

—Look Up

He's been advertising this for 2s. 6d. It's supposed to be "the solution of an astronomical problem, after fifteen years' study and experiment." At the moment the planet Neptune is advancing to the position of "maximum beneficial influence" so far as Mr. Jolliffe is concerned. We can easily believe that if many people are foolish enough to pay half-a-crown for his nonsense.

Strange Search

The wartime advertisement columns are an everlasting source of wonder. Someone has spent 15s. to ask, in a personal column, for a pair of nail clippers. And an ex-officer of field rank offers, in an obviously desperate appeal, "to serve any interest which provides employment." He says he's got high executive ability and a university education. Strange that a man so qualified has to search for work these days.

Fleet Street Memories

Many journalists seem to think that are interesting people; and very many non-journalists apparently share this view. For them, Hutchinson's have just published a new book which can be heartily recommended. "A Rebel in Fleet Street" collects Comyns Beaumont's memories of famous people and events over the last forty years.

And An Appeal

One of Mr. Beaumont's conclusions appeals especially to us. "We do not want a subservient Press which acts as a Greek chorus to rulers . . ." he says. "We badly need newspapers, daily and weekly, which are sternly critical of the Government, for it is only by a ruthless criticism of its shortcomings that a remedy is forthcoming."

★ Diving out of his spinning aircraft over the roof tops, the pilot was jerked by his opening 'chute into an attic window of a house fiercely defended by German infantry. How he was saved by an old Frenchwoman and her attractive daughter is told by the pilot to B. L. JACOT, our Special Correspondent with the American Forces

His 'Chute Flicked Him Into a Hornet's Nest

FLYING-OFFICER LEE WILSON has now been flown back in a Dakota on his stretcher to a comfortable hospital in England, with his leg wound mending nicely and with a stretch of convalescence and leave before him.

Lee Wilson is the pilot of an R.A.F. "tow-boat"—an aircraft that tows the gliders, and it will be a long time before he forgets the time he caught his packet.

He had slipped his glider in the pitch dark of the early hours of D-Day when hell was breaking loose over the Normandy coast, and on his way home a storm of flak crashed into his aircraft. He was hit in the leg. He ordered his crew to bale out and waited to see them go.

It was flirting with death to do so, for the aircraft was dangerously low. And, sure enough, as he prepared to make his dive, at 400 ft., the machine went into a spin. He knew he had not a chance in a hundred, but he made his dive.

Bullets and Cognac

Here is his story of what happened after that:

"When I got clear of the aircraft," says Lee Wilson—who comes from Denton, Manchester—"I realised it was pure luck. I was right on top of the houses of a village I could see lit up by gun and mortar flashes, and I took a long breath and held it. I knew it would be my last.

"Next thing I remember was a terrible crack. My 'chute had opened and it jerked me like a whip lash. I was below the rooftops and I felt my feet crash into glass.

"Then came a bump, and when I could look round I found myself half-in and half-out of a bed with plaster and glass all over the place.

"I had enough sense to haul in the 'chute by the shrouds and I managed to get it in off the side of the house. I saw I was inside a house in the main street of a village—fourth storey up, right under the tiles.

"All hell was loose in that street. Down at the end by the square, a house was burning and our paratroops were pouring their fire down towards my end.

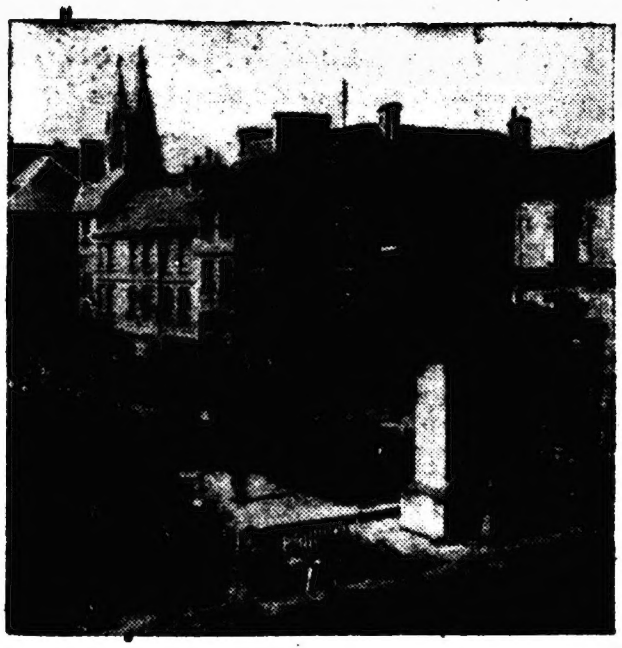
"Before I ducked my head in again, I could see mortars and machine-gun fire tracers sailing out of the lower storeys of the house I was in.

"The question then was: 'Which side am I on? Who are the guys downstairs?'

"When I got back to the bed, I tucked the 'chute away underneath. While stooping down I saw that my thigh was bleeding a lot. I hadn't noticed it much until them. I tied up the wound with a strip from the sheet on the bed, and that seemed to stop most of the bleeding.

"The row in that house was appalling. All the time, bullets and shell fragments were whacking into the brickwork outside. I decided that it would be best to lie low, when, suddenly, my heart almost jumped out.

But before Bastille Day could be celebrated in Bayeux, some strange adventures had taken place in the streets of the near-by ancient villages



"The door creaked slowly open. In the reflected glow of the burning house down the street I saw a girl's face peering anxiously round the door.

"She was more scared than I was! Naturally she was asking herself how the heck I got there.

"I said: 'R.A.F.!' and showed her my tunic. She nodded and closed the door. She said in French: 'There are many Germans in the house—firing at the Underground.'

"I told her it was the invasion and asked her to help. She shut the door and got to work, without a word, on my leg.

"'Perhaps soon the English will come,' she said. 'This is terrible. The Germans in the house here will kill you. Already they have moved from the bottom floor to the first.'

"We sat there looking silly for quite a while, then she decided she must tell her mother. It seemed an age, then she came back and with her came an old Norman woman. She took a good look at me, a bit old-fashioned, then she produced a bottle of cognac.

"'This is terrible!' she said. 'The bottom of the house is full of smoke and on fire. They are coming up—always firing from the windows.'

"We could hear them coming up, but they stopped on the floor below and got their mortar going. The row was terrific, and our boys now started lobbing stuff up on to the roof.

Roof to Cellars

"I told them we had to get out, and the old woman pulled herself together. She led the way across the landing into another attic at the back. I was opening a window no bigger than the lid of a biscuit-tin when a 'Jerry' clumped up on the landing. We heard him in the other room.

"I was sunk—but not the old lady. She threw off a shawl and opened her blouse. She poked her head out of our door and gave a scream. The 'Jerry' must have thought the women were undressed or something.

"He said something in German and clumped off again. Maybe he had something on his mind. Those 'Jerries' certainly had something to worry about.

"I pushed the mother out on to the roof and then the girl. She was a nice-looking girl. They joined to drag me up and we managed to make it.

"Just as we were tightroping along a parapet on to the roof of a house next door, a mortar shell came up with a whoosh and knocked us flat. Those two ladies had plenty of grit. They were bruised but not seriously hurt.

"They were worrying about my leg. We got into the attics of the next house and found quite a party up there under the roof. No one knew what was happening, so I told them.

"There were no Germans in that house, and I took them all down into the cellars! We had some red wine and coffee and sat tight.

"It must have been about an hour later the firing petered out in the street. I went up and heard people carefully stalking along the cobbles. Like a gump I opened the door and was just going to say 'Hello!' when a hail of bullets spattered all over the wall.

"I dropped flat on my face in the passage. I could see our fellows coming at the house with their automatics levelled. A nasty sight. I shouted: 'R.A.F.'

Organised First Aid

"I wanted to say as much English as I could to convince those boys before they blasted me to cat's meat, but I couldn't think of anything to say.

"The fellow who was leading gave me a prod with his boot. He told me to get up and I did—with my hands up. Then I found my tongue, and this time I found plenty to say. They flashed a torch on my tunic and everything was okay.

"I was able to tell them about the 'Jerries' next door. They captured eighteen alive in the attic we had left.

"The villagers came up from the cellars and Madame—the old lady who had looked after me—organised a first-aid post. She was a grand person. The others got us grub and lots of hot coffee while she bandaged us and cleaned us up.

"Our paratroops had taken the village, and the funny thing was that my navigator, Flight-Lieutenant George Maxwell, of Shore Road, Belfast, turned up at the house to have his injuries treated. He almost jumped out of his trousers when he saw me. He thought I had left it too late and made a hole in the *pavé*.

"George fell in a field almost on top of a bunch of our boys outside the village and they were just going to tear him apart when he yelled like a mad Irishman and saved his neck. Those paratroop boys are rough fellows!

"French people brought George to the house. They did everything to help once they knew what was going on.

"Madame was looking after the wounds of several of the 'Jerries' from the house next door. Marthe, the daughter, wouldn't have anything to do with them. She was a darned pretty girl and perhaps she's had trouble with the Jerry.'

"Well!" smiled Flying-Officer Lee Wilson, "that was the night I fell into a house full of fighting Huns. It would have to be that house!

"But I'll soon be back on ops again. My wireless operator, Flight-Sergeant Les Ward, from Islington, got home without a scratch."

Models for Victory

ONLY a few hours after the first flying bomb landed on British soil, experts were studying a model made from photographs of the information available. Just what they learned from the model must remain secret, but it was vital to the defence schemes then brought into action.

Only a few weeks before a group of officers behind carefully guarded doors had examined in detail the most important battlefield of the war—although no battle had then been fought on it!

It was a model of the Normandy beaches and hinterland, carefully built up in colour by expert model builders from thousands of photographs, plans, maps and information obtained in many ways, including that brought back by Commando raiders.

Every detail of the defences that had to be overcome were shown exactly to scale. Beach traps, pillboxes, coastal batteries, tank ditches—all were there in miniature. Later, when the men splashed ashore from invasion barges, they recognised every feature of the landscape, and the handicap of fighting on strange ground was largely negatived.

★ ★ ★

Models enable the problems involved to be visualised in a way that is not possible even by the most brilliant map reader. Models of the Mohne, Eder and Sorpe dams, painstakingly built up from photographs and information, played a great part in the planning and training of Wing Commander G. P. Gibson, V.C., and his men.

When the great raid from Egypt on the Ploesti oilfields was planned, a model showing every detail of the wells, refineries, maze of pipes and installations was produced.

With the aid of oil experts who had worked in the field, experts determined the spots where the bombs would do the most damage.

Crews visualised every feature of the target as it would appear.

To make doubly sure, another full-scale model of the installations was built in the desert, and crews were able to bomb it with dummy missiles.

When they arrived over Ploesti identification was comparatively easy—they had done it before!

Models of Rome were used to make quite sure the bomber crews knew exactly what the 30 historic buildings they had to avoid hitting at all cost looked like from the air.

★ ★ ★

When American troops embarked for the North African landings, they had no idea where they were going. Once the ships were at sea, large-scale models showing every detail of the beaches and harbours were produced and "unveiled."

They had been built behind locked doors and mounted on chicken wire for easy transport.

Studying these during the voyage, officers and men worked out detailed tactics so that each one knew exactly what to expect.

Perhaps the most remarkable training model is the Link Celestial Navigation Trainer that enables Fortress crews to bomb Berlin—before they leave America.

Every detail of the sky, stars, sun and city can be reproduced exactly in this model for any time of day and any season.

Crews navigate their bomber exactly as they would over Europe, make their bombing run and drop their bombs. On their "return," they can follow the course they took, which has been automatically plotted, and discover whether their bombs fell on the target.

T. S. DOUGLAS.

Lord KEYNES of Tilton,

Britain's Most Famous Economist

MY LORD,—As a leading delegate to the International Monetary Conference at Bretton Woods, U.S.A., you will share the praise of all who have at heart the harmony and prosperity of that future world we desire so deeply.

While I am no economist—though I claim the right to question world economics in the past—I realise that the results of the Conference are, in their way, the greatest and most progressive steps taken by mankind in an endeavour to mould international relations.

Forty-four nations have agreed on an insurance fund against post-war financial troubles.

The world bank with its fund of £2,275,000,000, is to provide facilities for long-term loans so that member nations will be able to play their part in providing others with the goods and exports they so urgently need.

We must not let optimism outpace reason. The agreement between the nations is still one of principle and not of method. Yet the beginning is promising and holds out splendid hope for a better run world.

The Conference, after bridging many difficulties, has proved that the United Nations can be united in planning for peace as well as war. It proved that differences *can* be sunk and that clashing interests *can* be reconciled.

Lord Keynes represented Britain at the International Monetary Conference

The ordinary man probably has taken little interest in the deliberations and work of the Conference. Yet he should have done.

For I believe that the whole effort of the experts who met at Bretton Woods is as good a safeguard against post-war booms and slumps as any yet devised.

They provide, in fact, machinery essential for operating a world system of organised trade.

As for the spirit, that is abundantly evidenced, too. The unity reached at Bretton Woods is surely an earnest of the various nations' desire for post-war collaboration in all spheres.

And, given such collaboration, we shall be well on the way to removing the chief causes of war and to securing international prosperity.

A community of nations, each ready and willing to help the other, may seem at this juncture an impossible vision. Yet Bretton Woods is proof that the vision can be translated into a reality.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord McGOWAN,

Chairman, Imperial Chemical Industries

DEAR LORD MCGOWAN,—Your offer to the leading British universities of eighty fellowships each worth £600 a year for an initial period of seven years is a splendid gesture which, I hope, will be copied by leading firms in other industries.

You and your directors take for granted that appointments will be made without any discrimination as regards race or nationality.

But I hope that in certain respects there will be some discrimination. There must be in the Fighting Forces many brilliant young men eminently fitted for such fellowships.

Though you have left the choice solely to the universities approached, they should not take amiss a hint that some preference might be accorded ex-Service men.

Science must work more closely with industry when the war is over. By encouraging research and study you also help the country in its war against unemployment.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. SAVAGE,

Education Officer, London County Council

DEAR SIR,—The fact that only a small proportion of the 8,000 teachers in the L.C.C. area immediately volunteered for work in reception areas may seem at first glance to place this body of men and women in an unfavourable light.

Personally, I cannot blame them for preferring to remain in London if the L.C.C. cannot guarantee them a return to their former posts; and if the Government refuses to increase a niggardly allowance.

But whatever happens in this case, the devoted and selfless work of the London teachers in these dangerous and disturbing days must never be forgotten.

They have shepherded their little charges to places of safety, sacrificed much time and some money, and all along given undisputable proof of their sincere desire to serve.

The teachers, as a whole, have played a selfless and not insignificant part in the war. And the authorities should remember this.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice HILBERY,

King's Bench Division

MY LORD,—It is your honour and your privilege to dispense Justice—a task which few men are fitted to do, for Justice is a rare and delicate quality, and not all of us can weigh the balance.

And I am anxious that your remarks at Leeds Assizes should not be misinterpreted. Though you spoke of people obtaining poor persons' divorces while "earning up to £6 a week," I am sure you would not criticise any amendment of the Poor Persons' rules to include people of that wage class.

Divorce in the past has been a luxury of the well-to-do.

Even a man earning £6 or £8 a week would have to save for a long time before he had enough money to gain the freedom he may merit.

While it may be true that a few workers in the more highly paid industries could foot a bill of divorce costs without undue financial strain, I think the great majority should be regarded as eligible for some help under the Poor Persons' scheme.—JOHN BULL.

When Home Means Nothing

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

THERE'S dust on the hall table. The parquet flooring, which usually throws back in golden beauty those rare rays of the sun, is dull and lifeless.

And the vases, which used to be full of sweet-scented roses and sweet peas, stand in empty and forbidding tribute to the power of the "doodle bug."

In other words, I'm one of the thousands of husbands in the London area whose life has been disrupted by the inhuman monsters which come hurtling across the sky, night and day, seeking to persuade us that the war is well lost for peace of mind.

The lot of the grass widower is not as pleasant as once it might have been. This confounded rationing, uneasy travel, disturbed nights and noisy days all tend to make life a sequence of stupid irritations.

Only a few minutes before I began to write this article an impudent doodle bug roared across over clear English skies. It tore on for another few miles; and then came the familiar pillar of smoke, followed by the explosion

I had just been reflecting on the sight of Janet's—that's my four-year-old baby—pram standing forlorn and neglected in the doorway of her playroom.

The dolls were sitting and lying around. The blackboard still had weird and wonderful markings on it—for Janet, on occasions, calls herself "the little artist," and approaches her cultural activities with a gravity that would dignify an R.A.

Her nursery looks as forlorn as her pram. And my wife's dressing-room with its lifeless frocks and costumes and shoes and hats is a mute reproach to the dislocating power of war.

Home has ceased to be home. In fact, home doesn't exist when it becomes merely a few bricks and bits of mortar—a shell where only memories come unbidden to the mind.

Home is where the heart is. And this house which, because of usage, I still call home, has ceased to have any attraction for me. It palls. It annoys. And it convinces me, more than anything else could, that life without the intimacy of a family is as empty as the house itself.

Yet the house will survive—I hope. And there'll be happy laughter and joy again when the doodles cease to doodle and the wicked are at rest.

Mr. ALFRED KIRCHEN,

Arsenal and England Footballer

DEAR ALFRED,—The last time I saw you playing at Highbury, I little thought that one day I would write you a letter of congratulations on turning farmer. But I do so because it proves that fame in the world of sport does not always spoil the man who becomes a star performer.

Many men once famous—boxers, footballers and such—never plan ahead and drift into obscure poverty.

You are different.

Your two dairy farms in Norfolk are the solid proof of your caution and common-sense.

Well, I suppose you're really doing the right thing. You made your money on the land, the springy turf of many a football field, and now you're going to get something more out of the land.

Good luck, Alfred, and another winning game!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. SUSAN ISAACS,

30, Causewayside, Cambridge

DEAR DR. ISAACS,—I wish that all parents who bemoan at Christmas-time and special occasions the lack of toys for children could have a chat with you. As a child expert for forty years, you have just pointed out that children benefit through the shortage of ready-made toys because they have to use their ingenuity and develop their minds.

This confirms what I have long believed—that the child living in a playroom stocked with costly toys gains very little delight from them, and more often than not is happier making mud-pies in the garden.

Our children have been well looked after in this war. They are growing up sturdy and well-fed and are constantly the subject of State guidance and care. We shouldn't give a rap because toys are scarce. Rather should we be grateful that the factories which once turned out toys are turning out more vital products to help safeguard the kiddies.—JOHN BULL.

But how long will Himmler have the German army behind him?

How Strong Is The German Underground?

Asks WILLI FRISCHAUER

THERE are about three thousand generals in Germany. Having crushed their first coup, Himmler might not find it too difficult to keep an eye on all of them and to eliminate those whom he fears.

But I doubt whether he will find it equally easy to prevent other forces from breaking through the breach just made in the German political structure.

What can be expected from them? How strong is the real German underground?

It is no use denying that the majority of the German people are either pathetic or firm believers in Nazism and its ultimate success.

Enemies at Home

But trained observers agree that at least 15 per cent. of Germans feel strongly about politics, about the war, about Germany's future. They are all anti-Nazis.

That alone confronts Himmler and his Gestapo with a solid block of at least ten million "unreliables." He cannot lock them all up.

It is estimated that already the Gestapo and ordinary police needed to supervise the German population are equivalent to twenty divisions. About 500,000 Germans are actually behind prison bars or the barbed wire of concentration camps, and this figure may be doubled by the new purge. But that will still leave considerable hostile forces at large in Germany.

Strongest among them are the former Communists. Their number has been augmented by thousands of young people impressed by the Russian military successes.

This is not wishful thinking. Evidence of their existence can be found in hundreds of articles by German propagandists, who try to convince them that they have no reason to admire the Soviet system.

Mighty Fifth Column

Not all these old and neo-Communists are organised. But Communist cells exist in large numbers of factories, even in the villages. Thousands of German officers and soldiers captured in Russia have professed their Communist faith.

Next come the Catholics, who have more reason to hate Hitler than any other section except the Jews.

Thousands of priests, driven from their churches and monasteries, have gone underground. Their "generals" are the bishops whom Hitler may have forced to order prayers for his salvation, but who cannot be gagged, and who may yet give the signal which would have a vast effect on the conduct of the war.

Thousands of junior officers, millions of soldiers, almost half the population of Germany, would answer their call.

Finally, there is the vast army of foreign workers, of prisoners of war employed in slave labour. Every man among them is a potential insurgent. And there are over ten million of them.

True, they are heavily guarded, closely supervised. But their employment gives them greater liberty than Himmler would wish for—and allows them closer contact with the population than is good for the morale of Germany.

Again, the Nazi Press provides the evidence. Cases of fraternisation increase in numbers. Oppressed people of whatever nationality band together.

So there is human material enough. Is there competent leadership?

It exists among the Communist section of the underground. It is even better organised among the "foreign workers." Himmler knows only full well that hundreds of French, Dutch, Norwegian, Russian patriots have volunteered for work in Germany—have purposely accepted the status of slaves—to help organise the foreign workers into the mightiest Fifth Column the world has ever witnessed.

Somehow They'll Fight

One factor weakens the potential strength of the underground forces in Germany—lack of arms!

On the other hand, Tito's guerillas overcame an equally serious deficiency. The French Maquis resisted with the most primitive weapons of war.

There are ways and means to provide the German underground with arms; they will know at the right moment where to find them. Once a few army divisions join them the problem will be an easy one to tackle.

Many military experts are convinced that the struggle for victory will become harder when Allied armies must fight on German soil. But that exactly is the moment which the German underground awaits, and when it can display its strength.

Rotting from within, assailed from without, the Nazi régime will drown in a sea of blood.

DONALD STOKES, author of "Men Behind Victory," tells the story of

WIVES BEHIND VICTORY

A SMALL sisterhood of women, unknown to the public and even to each other, are playing a part in this war that may become historic.

Millions of women in Britain have the nerve-sapping worry of waiting for news of their men, but the wives of this band of "Backroom Boys" have another constant anxiety born of the knowledge that if anything happens to their husbands the lives of thousands of other men will be jeopardised.

Saved the War?

I have spent two years piercing together the "inside" story of our kingpin inventors, designers, scientists and Secret Service men. Several of these Men Behind Victory have never been recognised by the Government. Their only award, and the only comfort for their wives, is to know that without them Britain might easily have lost the war.

There is Mrs. Cyril Thompson, wife of a Sunderland shipbuilder; she went through one of the most agonising experiences a woman can be called on to face.

Her young husband, managing director of a famous Wearside shipyard, was sent by the Government to America in 1940 to find a way of getting the merchant ships without which we should starve. He had a free hand to buy ships or arrange for them to be built.

The task was immense. Cyril Thompson had to superintend the building of shipyards in land that was quite waste; he had to design ships and arrange supplies; he was the man behind Henry Kaiser, who has received such publicity. Then, returning to Britain with the blueprints of the shipyards and vessels on which depended our future, his liner was torpedoed.

Berlin broadcast the U-boat's claim, and Mrs Thompson, sitting in her Sunderland home, heard the news that the ship on which she knew her husband was sailing had gone down.

Day after day passed without news. She gave up hope. She knew that without the plans which her husband was bringing back, Britain would be in peril. She could say nothing. She could confide her awful knowledge to nobody.

But Cyril Thompson was saved. For nine hours he rode through a gale; between his legs, half submerged by the water shipped by the rowboat, was the black dispatch-case containing the priceless plans.

He was picked up by a Scots tramp ship and some days later arrived in Britain. His first deed was to dry the soaked plans, retype them, and dash to London to report.

His wife had hardly heard the news of his safety when he had to fly back to America again. To-day, Mrs. Thompson has a new worry. Her husband is joining the R.A.F., as he feels his work in shipbuilding is now completed.

A different sort of courage has been required from the wife of Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson, the man who creates our "block-buster" bombs.

Bomb-Blinded

The Air Commodore was blinded in a German air raid on London in April, 1941, but he refused to lay down his work. He carried on with his task as President of the Air Armament Board. He has to bring a vast amount of his work back to his Knightsbridge flat, and it is here that Mrs. Huskinson is of immense help.

She is a spremely understanding woman, handsome and cheerful. She realised his determination to beat his blindness.

"I can't begin to tell you how much my wife has helped me," he told me.

"Evening after evening she reads out to me masses of data and reports. Her patience never fails. As she reads to me I classify the matter in my mind; now and again I will say 'Stop!' and we give a number to that particular section. Afterwards I will say, 'Please read No. 9 section again' if I want to keep that part well in my memory

"The following morning at an Air Ministry conference, all I have to do is to whisper to the man next to me: 'What number have I written on this page?' and directly he tells me I have the whole section mentally in my grasp."

The other high officers are amazed at his grasp of facts. It is due to his wife. And every evening they are still busy.

No plane can be passed to the R.A.F. till it has been put through its paces by test pilots. Our air strength depends on this small band of flyers. They also have to be skilled engineers and to be able to advise on the matter of design. Britain needs every one of them.

I've watched them take up planes in gales so fierce that the balloon barrage has been kept low for fear of the cables snapping. The R.A.F. Operational Reserve cannot wait for fresh planes; the test pilots cannot wait for smooth weather.

They Also Serve

Many have been killed in this war while testing machines—great flyers like John de Havilland, Chris Staniland, Seth Smith and Valentine Baker. The wives of the others just have to wait and worry; for them the weather is a constant enemy.

Then there are the wives of the men who keep open our lifelines of the air.

Several of the air ferries are still secret, but I can mention one, and the women who waited while their men made it to keep Britain still in the fight.

They had to wait for weeks during the winter of 1940 while their husbands prepared to blaze the Atlantic route from Canada, a desperate flight from a bare unequipped airfield. The wives could not mention their anxiety to a soul.

Later they had to worry again, when the even more perilous east-to-west service was started.

And the burden is borne by wives who wait patiently to-day while their men start hazardous new air ferries which are still secret.

Waiting in Warsaw

British women are not the only quiet heroines. Lieut. Kos, a young, handsome Polish officer who invented the land-mine detector now in general use by the Allies, was ordered by his Government to escape out of Poland to place his knowledge at our disposal.

He had to leave behind his fiancée, Hanka, a student at Warsaw University. She waits amid the horrors of Warsaw for the man she let go—for his country's sake.

There are other women whose heroism began long before the war started. There is Mrs. R. J. Mitchell, wife of the designer of the Spitfire, who nursed her husband through the agonised years of the illness that killed him; she helped him create the Spitfire just in time before his death. To-day she works for that same firm as a war-time helper.

Perhaps the most important of all the Wives Behind Victory is a woman with an aquiline face framed by silvery hair.

She is Mrs. Churchill.

Be Simple to Earn £100,000!

EVEN if you are King of England and head of the largest unity of nations on the globe, you cannot get everything—in war time.

King George, when visiting Manchester not long since, saw, in the wash-room in the Town Hall, a rubber nail-brush, the kind bought at Woolworth's in easier times for sixpence.

"I've been trying to get one of those for weeks," he said. "We have had the servants trying all the shops."

"Actually, they are the property of a former Lord Mayor who bought these during his year of office," replied an attendant. "As he left them behind it wouldn't matter if your Majesty took them."

"Give him my thanks," said the King.

So, as a souvenir of Manchester, Georgius Rex, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India, took away from Manchester, as a souvenir—a rubber nail-brush!

George Formby's "Secret"

Why is it that George Formby is the idol of the working-classes of the North, and present occupant of the place once filled by Gracie Fields?

The question was put to a leading manager by a rich owner of fishing trawlers, a man who wondered "because he can't sing and he has little more than a ukelele and a grin."

"Formby's secret is his simplicity and homely good-nature," explained the expert. "Although he looks like an ordinary working lad he has such a pleasing character that commonplace people think he is just the sort of son they would love to have as their own.

"He knows it, and does his utmost, by living in his native Lancashire and mixing with the masses, not to get West End."

Still, does that explain how Formby, before paying income-tax, of course, can earn over £100,000 a year—and also be the King's favourite comedian?

"War and Peace" Mystery

One of the war's mysteries was the "War and Peace" boom.

Because, in some Brains Trust session rather more stupid than usual, some said it was the greatest novel ever written and nobody contradicted—why, Tolstoy himself wrote two greater ones in "Resurrection" and "The Kreuzer Sonata"—every old woman started to wade through its inordinate length.

"Excellent propaganda for Russia," said some idiot who did not know, apparently, that it was about the triumph of the hated Tsardom.

I heard only this week that when "War and Peace" was made a costume play—and lost about £20,000—Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, declined an invitation to the first night, as he "was not interested."

Why, then, did Churchill still think the film version would have

He sums up before he starts talking

such propaganda value that he asked Arthur Rank to give Korda floor space for it and agreed that troops could be used for the ballet scenes?

Fortunately, it was never made.

The Best Biography?

I ridiculed the "War and Peace" boom when, during the Brains Trust Session in which I ventured to ask: "Since when has the B.B.C. fixed the standard of public taste?" I dodged a question about which was the best biography in case the whole country stopped winning the war in order to spend the time reading it.

Had I been in a conservative mood, I should have recommended as an ideal biography "An Architect of Nature," in which Luther Burbank, the great plant cultivator, tells, through a friend, how he invented the loganberry and other fruits and vegetables, which, almost without profit, he gave to the world.

More, in what is only a small volume, he reveals an idealism of purpose and a courage of mind that would inspire every islander more than any other biography I know.

Henry Wallace's Future

I wonder what, now, will be the fate of Henry Wallace, the Vice-President whom Roosevelt has had to sacrifice in order to insure his own re-election.

"Wallace is only a Woolworth store Roosevelt," sneered a Republican journalist to me, the other day.

Yet in Britain we regard him as the greatest idealist produced by the Second World War.

His phrase: "This is the Century of the Common Man," will be remembered after many politicians now living have been lost both to our sight and to our memory.

Now, perhaps, he will have not only greater freedom but greater influence. Anyway, as the farming journal which he owns has an enormous sale that alone should find him both a platform and a sounding board.

Wallace not only backed the New Deal. He believed in it.

Swaffer Talking

Yet that did not lose him many friends even among the farmers, the most conservative branch of the community.

Wallace was a critic of our "What we have we'll hold" ideas about Asia. But, so were—and are—the American masses.

Monty's Umbrella

The last British general to carry an umbrella while on duty was the Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria and therefore Commander-in-Chief.

For years, it was a great joke.

Now, Monty has been photographed with one in his hand—and at the front with Churchill. Winston was armed only with a walking-stick!

Fortunately, the Germans have got something else to talk about, just now, or Haw-Haw would be haw-hawing about that all right and saying that perhaps that was why Monty had not broken through the German lines.

Chamberlain took an umbrella to Munich. Perhaps, to wipe out memories of that, Monty wants to carry an umbrella to Berlin.

Fuehrer Furioso

Hitler remarked, they say, when the bomb had gone off, "*they'll be billeting some evacuees at Berchtesgarten next!*

War Among the Comics

Two war jokes are now heard all over the country in the touring revues, in the music-halls and wherever there is a concert party.

When a small, skinny or obviously unfit man says, in answer to a question as to his branch of the Service, "I'm a Commando," the star comic replies: "Blimey, we've lost!"

The other consists of a comedian, in khaki, saying: "When was I most frightened? Once I was so frightened that after a bullet went past me I went past the bullet. I ran so fast that when a man asked me 'Where are you going?' I explained 'I'm running away, sergeant.' He replied 'I'm not a sergeant, but a general,' and I replied, 'I didn't know I'd run as far as that.'"

"Our Greatest Actor"

C. B. Cochran will have surprised many by naming as the best Shakespearean actor discovered here for a couple of decades, not the John Gielgud admired by so many fans, but Donald Wolfit. Especially he eulogised his King Lear.

As I have never seen either Wolfit or Gielgud in a Shakespearean play I cannot do more than record the fact.

This, though, I do know—that when Leslie Howard was bold enough to play Hamlet on Broadway at the same time that Gielgud was doing it in another New York theatre he merely succeeded in proving how good an actor was Gielgud.

Although Sidney Carroll and I do not see eye to eye about many things, he agreed with me, when last our talk wandered that way, that the greatest acting we had seen in recent years was that of Sybil Thorndike in Greek tragedy and Edith Evans in classical comedy—and that the best new play produced in that time was "Saint Joan."

★ All the tales coming from Goebbels' lie factory cannot conceal the gravity of what has happened inside the Reich—the revolution against the Nazi gang has started; it will grow in violence until the end of Adolf Hitler

ONE question is in all minds. How l can Hitler last? The answer to t will be the answer to all. For war has resolved itself into a stru for the personal survival of its author. W Hitler falls the war ends. And his end near.

In a famous utterance earlier in the w he said the crime of Germany in 1918 w that she surrendered before twelve o'clo struck. That crime would not be repeat He would fight, not till twelve o'clock only, b till quarter-past twelve. He would fight, t is, till the war was lost and after the war w lost.

What did he mean? It sounded like t language of bravado. But it was not brav only. It had a sinister and precise meani which is now visible. Let us examine th meaning.

* * *

That for Germany twelve o'clock h already struck is now indisputable. By human calculations she has lost the w irrevocably.

This is her fatal month. It was on Aug 8, 1918, that Ludendorff told the Kaiser th Germany was beaten and that peace must made. It was on August 8, 1940, that the Bat of Britain began, and the result of that batt as we now see, foreshadowed German defeat.

By comparison with Ludendorff's po tion in August, 1918, that for Germany t August is immeasurably worse. Germa then was beaten on one front only.

To-day, by the confession of Dittmar a the rest, she is beaten on five fronts. Th her losses in man-power were only a quart of those up to date.

Then her resources were relative greater than to-day, and the resouces agai her infinitely less. (Russia was out of t war, and America had not yet become a fo midable belligerent.)

Then Germany was still uninvaded. N she is under devastating invasion from t air, day and night.

YET LUDENDORFF KNEW THAT THE WAR WAS LOST; AND THAT PEACE MUST BE MADE BEFOR TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL THAT TWELVE O'CLOCK MEANT. BUT HITLER FIGHTS ON AFTER THE HOU HAS STRUCK.

* * *

What explains this different reaction defeat?

The object of Hindenburg and Lud dorff was to save Germany as a going conce Waiting till twelve o'clock would have me complete wreck.

They wanted to preserve the structure Germany. Especially they wanted to p serve the man-power of the army and t nucleus of the Prussian military and Jun system. They accepted defeat as the nec

G., drawn from photographs by George Whitelaw

Hitler's Last Phase

By A. G. Gardiner

y condition to revival and the ability to e the next war.

Hitler's object was and is different. He himself destroyed the internal structure Germany.

He has no interest in Germany except as instrument of personal power. He has eatedly derided the German people as a of stupid sheep who can be stampeded any lie.

He said not long ago that if Germany wed herself to suffer defeat in this war would not shed a tear.

And he meant it. He is a bloodthirsty maniac who has no more pity for his own ple than he has for the enemy peoples he massacred.

His aim is not to save Germany but the i system. It is that system which is his atrous "fanatical" bodyguard. To pre- e it he is ready to make war on Germany lf, as his *Gestapo* is doing to-day.

Nor is he concerned to save the Prussian litary autocracy. That system used the llbinder to bring the nation to heel. It been deservedly punished. Hitler has de it the tool of the Nazi power.

He has butchered or degraded its chiefs on Fritsche, Brauschitsch, Von Leeb, lder, and the rest—and to-day his vile ature Himmler is dictator of all the armies Germany.

There is a further reason why Hitler will t (if he can) till after twelve. In the last the Hindenburg and Ludendorffs could render without fear for their necks.

But Hitler knows that the rope awaits His only chance of cheating it is to p the war going, no matter what happens Germany.

Even the invasion that is imminent can- worsen his fate. It may conceivably be an advantage to him. For though the Allies have refused to fall out during the war, they may fall out after victory.

Then the Nazi system might be left as the only organised political gang in Germany. And who knows what might happen?

Germany's programme of starvation and destruction in occupied countries would have made Europe a desert, and a revived Nazi Germany might be better placed to conquer the world 15 or 20 years hence than she was in 1939.

* * *

These, we may assume, are the calculations that Hitler had in mind when he said he would fight on beyond twelve o'clock.

But will he be permitted to do so? How long will he be able to survive the storm within Germany that will gather violence as the danger from without reaches its climax?

The curtain of secrecy that has fallen on the German stage makes it difficult to guess what has happened and is happening there.

It is clear that the immediate design of the rebels has failed. Hitler is not dead, and the Nazi gang is still in possession of the field.

"Heads will roll," said Hitler long ago, and we cannot doubt that they have been "rolling" furiously from end to end of Germany during the past fortnight.

But, however fast they fall and roll, they cannot stop the torrent of events that is surging in upon Germany. Nor can they suppress the internal torment caused by those events.

All the flattering tales that issue from the Goebbels' factory of lies about the insignificant "clique of officers" behind the revolt fail to disguise the gravity of what has happened. It is nothing less than the beginning of a struggle between the Prussian military gang and the Nazi gang for the control of Germany and the conduct of the war.

* * *

In the presence of such a struggle we can be cheerfully impartial. If they have taken to shooting each other, as Mr. Churchill observed, it is not our affair. We can say with entire satisfaction, "A plague on both your houses."

Of one thing we may be certain. This is a fire that cannot be quenched, however plentifully the blood flows and the heads roll. What has occurred is not the end, but the beginning of a revolution in which the end of Hitler and the Nazi gangsters is the ultimate quarry.

In the French Revolution many heads fell before Robespierre's rolled. But in the end it did roll, and the terror was over.

And Hitler's fate is no less inexorably ordained. Whether the monster is blown to bits by his own fellow criminals, or whether it is left to the Allies to put the halter round his neck does not much matter.

What does matter is that his fall should be final and swift. For, however brought about, that fall will end the long agony with which his crimes have afflicted Europe.

It can hardly be long delayed. In these August days the doom of Germany is being foreshadowed on all the five fronts of the war far more impressively and implacably than was the case in August, 1918.

AND THE MILITARY RISING, THOUGH TEMPORARILY SUPPRESSED, MAY WELL PRESAGE THE COLLAPSE OF THE HOME FRONT BEFORE WINTER COMES.

Desert Outpost of the Turf

WE have often heard a disgruntled punter talk sourly of racehorses who cross their legs and sit down in the middle of the course.

If such punters were introduced to the racing fixtures of the Horn and Chipped-Hoof Club they would probably have the pleasure of seeing that very thing happen!

* * *

The Horn and Chipped-Hoof Club was formed by a group of six Allied soldiers—two corporals and four privates—who, marooned in North Africa on desert duty, were wont to dream of the halcyon days of the Turf.

Anxious to transform the dream into something like reality, they set about buying a horse each from the local traders.

The best they could afford were somewhat worn specimens which, after considerable bartering, passed into their hands at a cost of approximately £10 per nag.

These were the six entries which matched their speed and stamina against one another in a series of desert derbies that attracted big crowds of troops.

Betting was a more than usually chancy affair.

For one thing, the horses had never been too well fed, so their stamina left something to be desired.

On more than one occasion, indeed, the whole six failed to reach the winning-post at all!

The owners fed them on a scale which the nags had probably only dreamed of hitherto, but even so that scale scarcely represented racing rations.

* * *

So it became a habit among the more astute punters to make discreet enquiries on the day of the race concerning the breakfast of a particular horse before they placed their shirt on it!

On one dreadful occasion, following a dead-heat, the judges ordered the two horses concerned to re-run the race, with the result that, by the time they reached the winning-post a second time they were giving a creditable imitation of a funeral procession—and were so whacked that they couldn't race again for at least a fortnight.

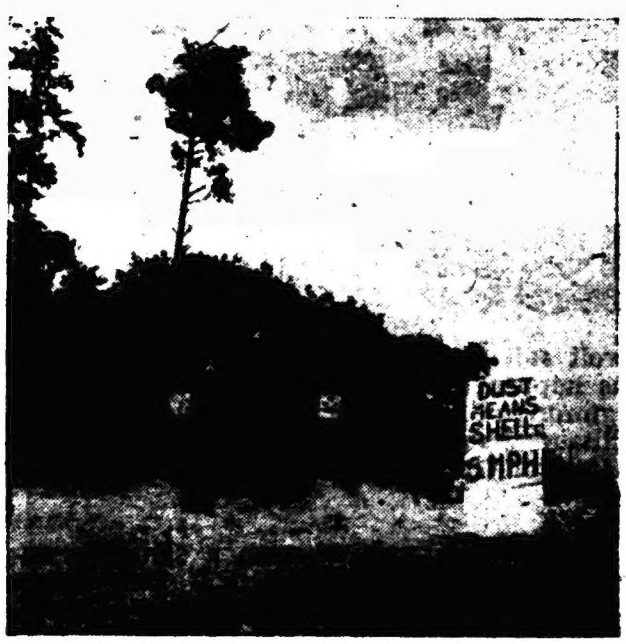
* * *

Still, everybody was pleased but the owners, who had to foot two weeks' hay bills with nothing to show for their money; not to speak of the cost of the bars of chocolate which constituted the wages of the native boys who doubled in the rôles of grooms and jockeys.

The Horn and Clipped-Hoof Club may have been one of the most unorthodox in the history of the Turf.

But it did wonders for the morale of desert-marooned troops!

PATRICK SPENCER.



Always in the van of the fighting roll the men of the Royal Armoured Corps

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS

★

By VINCENT BROME

★

The Man Who Lost His Temper

It was one of the episodes which go to make up the remarkable story of the Royal Armoured Corps, a corps which today is playing the lead in the giant battle of France. It is also one of many strange stories which David Masters tells in his latest book, *With Pennants Flying*, just published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 9s.

Most of these stories are not concerned with generals, but with the ordinary men of the tanks, the rank-and-filers who spend a large part of their fighting days in a bucketing box of steel, limited to radio and gun slits for contact with the outside world.

Mr. Masters has mustered the fully authenticated stories of men like Sergeant Knight, who came through three days of intense battle and recovered perfect sight in an eye defective from birth!

Knight's astounding story began when he lost his own tank and went in search of another. He found one derelict, and there, in the midst of battle, quite alone, he set to work to repair it.

Enemy bombers were roaring overhead, tanks were milling around, the air was full of shells and bullets. Knight worked steadily on.

In the end he got the engine going and climbed into the turret. For the next three days, still quite alone, he drove his tank through country infested with Germans.

He took his petrol from derelict vehicles. He picked up remnants of rations as he went. Hand grenades were his main armament. They proved his salvation on the third day.

Challenged the Colonel

Bucketing round a bend in the road he ran straight into a column of Germans. He made a snap decision and charged them at full speed.

As he went he hurled grenades with one hand and steered the tank with the other. The Germans broke ranks, dived for the ditches, and opened fire. Knight ploughed straight on.

He came right through the Germans and made good his escape. But he was not unscathed. A splinter hit his eye.

Normally it would have meant blindness. The millionth chance miracle happened in Knight's case.

His eye was already defective. Instead of injuring it, the impact of the splinter performed a feat which the finest surgeon hesitated to undertake, and restored normal sight to his eye!

Then there was that legendary figure amongst the men of the tanks, Jock Campbell. Six feet two inches tall, broad and smiling, he won the regard of the toughest amongst them. For Jock was not only a born leader of men. He became one of them without losing one whit of his authority.

"If you want me, shout 'Jock,'" he told his sergeant.

The same sergeant went to find his blankets at two o'clock one morning. They were not in their usual place. It was a black night, but Sergeant Hill made out a figure rolled in blankets near the back wheels of the truck. He went over and shook the man.

"You've got my blankets," he said.

"Sorry," said a drowsy voice, "I didn't know they were yours." The figure then climbed out of the blankets and handed them over.

The next morning Sergeant Hill awoke, stripped off his blankets, and made a terrible discovery. On the opposite side of the truck Colonel Jock Campbell was asleep in his overcoat, and Hill suddenly realised who it was he had challenged in the middle of the night.

There are many other intimate close-ups of the men of the tanks in this book. There are stories, told for the first time, of men like Captain Somerville, the regimental doctor, who went into the fiercest battles with the tanks.

Unarmed Doctor

He used a tiny runabout completely unprotected against shells or bullets, and treated the wounded on the spot as the incidents occurred.

Tank commanders glancing out of their turret were astounded to see the tiny truck bouncing along amongst the fire-spitting monsters, with Somerville quite unconcerned, waiting for the next job. There was smoke and flame and bursting metal. Somerville drove on in his ridiculous truck.

Yes, there are stories like Captain Somerville's, Corporal Jarvis's, and Corporal Sam Raistrick's in this book—stories you will find fascinating reading.

JUST before 4 o'clock, in sweltering heat, the barrage ceased and the tanks charged the guns, flat out.

This was no ordinary tank charge. Officers and men were cheering as they went, caps were thrown into the air, pennants flew jauntily. It might have been the cavalry of the old days, full of colour and vivacity.

It was all over very quickly. The enemy could not withstand the joint charge of a Royal Tank Regiment, the 7th Hussars, and B Squadron of the 3rd Hussars.

But when, a little later, Lieutenants B. Taylor and Farran were keeping watch on several hundred prisoners the bombing began, and they knew that this episode was not yet over.

Towards the end of the first day the bombing irritated Taylor. He was a seasoned campaigner, not easily ruffled, but there was something annoying about sitting there and not hitting back.

On the second day he asked for permission to attack the base from which the bombers came. It was refused. Taylor decided to school himself and wait.

The third day brought another raid at dawn. Taylor fidgeted. Yet another raid followed. And at last it was too much for Taylor.

He lost his temper. He decided to stop this "lark" once and for all. Completely without authority he mustered his three light tanks and outlined his plan.

Nelson had turned a blind eye once before in British history. This was a very different proposition.

Taylor wasn't an idol of the nation who could afford to take risks with military overlords. Nor did he rank particularly high. He was just another lieutenant in the British Army. But he had lost his temper.

So it came about that three light tanks moved cautiously away from their base that day and took the enemy aerodrome completely unawares.

For the next half an hour they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They fired at point-blank range on bombers and fighters. They scattered flying personnel, exploded ammunition dumps, blew up bombs.

He Lost His Tank!

By the time they turned their attention to the aerodrome buildings Taylor felt his bad temper lifting and a sense of exhilaration taking its place.

When the aerodrome buildings were collapsing about them he decided that perhaps it was time to leave. They did, their little force quite intact. Bobbing back towards their base, Taylor felt quite himself again.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

1944's BIGGEST SCANDAL

FLYING bombs continue. So do the evils of the evacuation from London and other large areas.

After a long tour of the North Country, I know that though some criticism of the authorities is misplaced, much is justified.

Even "official" evacuees, who are given facilities to travel by special trains, have in many cases strong cause for complaint. But it is the "unofficial" evacuees who have been responsible for most of the trouble that has given rise to public anxiety.

Let me first deal with one or two grievances of "official" evacuees:—

In one town, 300 women and children arrived just before 7 p.m. Midnight had passed before they were taken away in vans, dirty lorries and private cars to local rest centres.

★ ★ ★

They had been warned that there might be 48 hours' delay before billets could be found for them. They didn't mind—coming from Southern England—who *could*?

But when one batch found that the "rest centre" consisted of a dilapidated old house, disused for years, with cobwebs and overgrowth everywhere, in which only a few camp beds had been installed, they naturally felt troubled.

When they learned that floor-beds had to accommodate the majority of them, with only enough blankets to cover the merest few, real misgivings were felt.

As tea came along in enamelled pails, poured into cups that were so scarce that each had to be refilled and shared by about fifteen evacuees, their disillusionment was almost complete.

Next they realised that only half a dozen towels and a few plain washing basins were available for all of them!

Finally, while some got billets quickly, others were in the rest centre not for 48 but for 240 hours before they were told *when* they would get the billets supposed to be waiting for them on arrival!

★ ★ ★

In another town, a number of expectant mothers were dumped into a rest centre with the usual cheery promises. Many had to wait several days for proper accommodation.

One bombed-out woman, whose child was expected within a few weeks of arrival, was given a room five days later.

The room had hardly any furniture; the landlady accepted her and her eighteen months old son only "on sufferance."

And within a week the landlady asked her to go at once as relations were on the way "from their bombed-out home" for a prolonged stay.

I don't blame the billeting officials. Generally speaking, they have worked with zest and sympathy.

Some of them have even resigned because the task was beyond them; others have written to their superiors saying that it is impossible to get adequate supplies of food, bedding and furniture for the rest centres.

Three I met had asked clergymen to appeal to their congregations to show more kindness and consideration to homeless women and children from the South.

Now if this sort of thing happens to evacuees who go away under "official" auspices, what is the fate of the thousands who—ineligible for the Government scheme—rush off to safe areas on the spur of the moment?

At King's Cross, a week or two ago, I arrived one hour and twenty minutes before the Leeds express was due to leave. I found it already packed to suffocation, with crowds of worried people still trying to squeeze in.

Among the passengers standing in the corridors were mothers with babies in arms. Being accompanied by friends or relatives, they could not apply for "official" facilities.

In one carriage, which should hold 36 passengers, I counted 87—including young children who were weeping.

I saw fainting women, business men who ironically joked that they were having "a good Turkish bath for nothing," and witnessed several minor casualties.

"It's hell—daily hell!" a ticket inspector told me.

One young child, later joined by a mother who literally "bombed" her way into the compartment, was actually pushed through a carriage window.

One thing is clear.

The "official" scheme has many serious shortcomings. But the "unofficial" one provides the real problem.

★ ★ ★

In the near future something like 250,000 registered evacuees are to go away. The Government must take steps to make things better for them—particularly as the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary have *urged* all those who do not come under *official* categories to go to safe areas if they can find accommodation.

Station masters, billeting officials, railway servants, business men and others all agree that such misery and suffering can be lessened if a greater organisation—for the future—is planned *now*.

It can be planned!

Blackmail and the Barber

Short Story—by Will Scott

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

WHAT made Mr. Jiffen notice in the first place was that it was a silly thing on a silly day. The silly day was the first day of the month, April. Nothing much in that, of course, except that being April Fools' Day it fixed the date. So that when it happened again Mr. Jiffen remarked to himself that once more it was the first of the month. May, this time.

Mr. Jiffen had a tiny office over the way, in which he did his tiny bit of business, and when there wasn't even a tiny bit of business to do—which was pretty often—he spent most of the time at his window, looking out. And from this window he could see right into the barber's room opposite, at the back of the tobacco shop.

An elderly man, having just had his hair cut, gave the barber a pound note and came out without waiting for his change.

Mr. Jiffen saw it plainly. The elderly man never went near the barber again to get any change. And the barber made no attempt to provide the change. He tucked the pound note in his pocket and went on cutting another man's hair. Something was on!

In all the town you could see what happened in the barber's room at the back of the tobacco shop only from Mr. Jiffen's window, and owing to the sun and the shadow you could see without being seen. By the first of June Mr. Jiffen saw because he was waiting to see. But by the first of July he had made up his mind that it was time to turn over a new chapter.

The elderly man gave the barber a pound note as Mr. Jiffen watched in the mirror

On that day he let the elderly man get inside the barber's and well settled, and then, five minutes or so later, he himself followed.

The elderly man's haircut was finished and he got out of the chair. Mr. Jiffen got into it, watching carefully through the mirror opposite. The barber fixed the elderly man's overcoat. The elderly man gave him a pound note. They said "Good day" and the elderly man went.

Mr. Jiffen decided to risk it.

"Old boy forgot his change," he said.

You could tell by the expression on the barber's face that he didn't know Mr. Jiffen had been looking through the mirror.

"Owed me that," he said. "Bought a lot of lotions and things last time he was in and went out without paying. We was talking about it just before you came in."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Jiffen, wondering why the barber was lying.

When he got back to his little office he was more puzzled than he had been before. His mind kept saying "Blackmail! Blackmail!" But what a funny way to go about it.

The elderly man hadn't bought a lot of lotions and things the last time he was in. He hadn't bought anything, as Mr. Jiffen very well knew.

That evening Mr. Jiffen went to see his friend Dodworthy about it. Dodworthy, one of the Lesser Fifteen or something at Scotland Yard.

DODSWORTHY was thoughtful when Mr. Jiffen had told his tale. "You don't know who the old boy is?"

"Not from Adam," said Mr. Jiffen.

"Describe him," said Dodworthy.

"Don't know that I can," said Mr. Jiffen. "Quite a commonplace-looking sort of fellow. Not very tall, not very short, not very fat, not very thin. You know—might be anybody."

"Tell you what," said Dodworthy. "I'll come round to your place on the first of August and see if he turns up. If he does, maybe we'll be able to do something about it."

And here things had to stay for four long weeks.

On the first of August Dodworthy came round and they started their watch at Mr. Jiffen's upper window.

"I'll go over when the old boy turns up," said Dodworthy. "The barber'll maybe remember you."

And when the elderly man did turn up Dodworthy followed him into the barber's room and presently into the barber's chair, where he had an elaborated version of Mr. Jiffen's adventure of four weeks before.

"I believe," said the elderly man to the barber, "that I never paid you for all those lotions and things that I got last month."

"That's right, sir," said the barber.

"Here's a pound note," said the elderly man. "If you keep the change that will make it about right, I think."

"Thank you, sir," said the barber.

And away went the elderly man.

A very thoughtful Dodworthy returned to Mr. Jiffen's office.

"I can't quite place him," he said. "And I ought to be able to."

"The barber?" said Mr. Jiffen.

"The old boy," said Dodworthy. "I've seen him somewhere—I'm sure of it."

Suddenly Dodworthy thumped his knee.

"I've got it!" he said. "I know where I've seen him. At my club—well, at one of my clubs. The Near-Miss Club. Do you know it?"

"Never heard of it," said Mr. Jiffen.

"One of the most exclusive clubs in London," said Dodworthy. "Oh, boy! The company! The cooking! *Oh*, boy!"

"Queer sort of name," hinted Mr. Jiffen.

"Near-Miss?" said Dodworthy. "Very appropriate name. The Second-Best Society, some people call it. You've to be a failure before they'll have you as a member. But not any old failure. A very exclusive failure."

"I don't see," said Mr. Jiffen, "how you come to be a member."

Dodworthy laughed.

"You remember when Scarlet Sam was pinched, three years ago? The greatest international crook the world has ever known. What a feather in Scotland Yard's cap! Well, I got all the dope that led up to it. I was the big noise in that affair. On the day he was roped in I went out to Hoxton at five o'clock in the morning to do the trick. But he was pinched at Ealing by an ordinary bobby for passing the traffic lights. That was *my* failure. They made me a member of the club within three weeks.

"Look here," he said. "Come along to the club to-morrow as my guest and we'll see if we can find out a bit more about the man who pays a pound for a haircut."

SO on the next day Mr. Jiffen went to lunch at the Near-Miss Club and had the time of his grey life. He was introduced by Dodworthy to the most remarkable collection of failures he was ever to meet.

There was the man who had just missed being the heavyweight champion of the world.

There was the man who had nearly swum the Channel seventeen times, without doing it once.

There was the man who had rowed in the losing boat on Boat Race Day more times than anyone on earth.

Mr. Jiffen thoroughly enjoyed himself. As to the lunch and what went with it he knew he'd have to be very, very good indeed and get to Heaven before anything like that happened to him again.

It was near the end of the lunch before they spotted the elderly man across the large room. Dodworthy asked a question of a man at their table and they got their answer.

"That's Professor Tilt. The man who didn't climb Mount Royal. You must remember. Ten years ago. Nobody's ever climbed Mount Royal."

"And that's that," said Dodworthy, as he and Mr. Jiffen were coming away. "But we still don't know why he pays a pound for a haircut."

"No," said Mr. Jiffen.

A week later Dodworthy burst into Mr. Jiffen's little office.

"I've got it!" he said. "Cornered Professor Tilt in the library at the club yesterday, and I let him know that *I* knew without actually saying so."

"Well," said Mr. Jiffen, "now the game's up, do you mind telling me what the game was?"

"Oh I wouldn't say the game's up," Dodworthy answered. "The game, in fact, will go on. Well, so long as *we* keep our mouths shut—and I promised on your behalf as well as my own. The Professor will keep on paying a pound for his haircuts. Got to. Otherwise the barber over the way will blow the gaff. You see, apart from ourselves, that barber is the only one who knows."

"Knows what?" asked Mr. Jiffen irritably.

"That Professor Tilt *did* climb Mount Royal ten years ago.'

"But why doesn't he——?"

"Because if they found out that he wasn't the failure he's supposed to be he'd be turfed out of the Near-Miss Club before morning.'

Dodworthy lit a cigar.

"It's the cooking," he said. "The old boy was explaining to me. His wife can't boil water with any great success. She *burns* it, or something. Now, at the Near-Miss Club we've got the second-best chef who ever lived. You won't get food anywhere like we get there."

"I'm surprised," said Mr. Jiffen, "that you apply the rules to the staff. A club of your standing ought to be able to get the *best* chef who ever lived."

"Can't," said Dodworthy. "Dead."

HUMAN MACHINE

Start Being Happy Now

The time to start enjoying living is now. You will never have a better time. There never has been a better time.

Men have sought for happiness ever since men existed. Many have found it. That more do not find it is simply that so few are willing to believe in the only way in which it can be found.

"Happiness," said an American doctor, "is a quality and an attribute of the good life. If we want to know what happiness is, we must seek it, not as if it were a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, but among human beings who are richly and fully living the good life.

"If you observe a really happy man you will find him building a boat, writing a symphony, growing double dahlias in his garden, educating his son. He will not be searching for happiness as if it were a collar button that has rolled under the radiator.

"He will have become aware that he is happy in the course of living twenty-four crowded hours of the day."

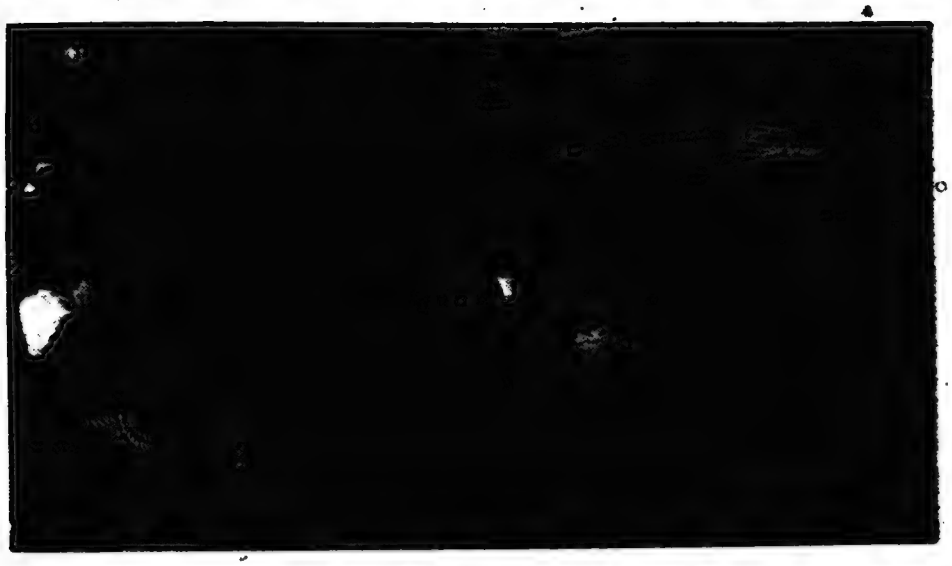
We can interpret this a little more fully. You will only be happy if you are so busy doing something that you have no time to be unhappy.

You will only be happy if you are thinking so much about something else or someone else that you have no time to think about yourself. You will be the happier the more you can get outside yourself and find your interests in things that are going primarily to benefit and interest others.

You will be happiest in exact proportion as you can sink self in others.

The same writer sums it up very neatly: "Don't wait to live—take a chance now. The dividends of too much caution and security are boredom and smugness. . . . Only the dead know complete security!"

VOICE OF THE TROOPS



Embarked once more—but not for home. They must wait five years before seeing wife and children

STRONGLY complaining about repatriation is a soldier serving in Burma, who writes to the Editor :

After some hard assault training we left to invade Madagascar, but we got no embarkation leave, so that we had no chance to see our wives and children before we left . . also our mail to them was held up for months.

Madagascar eventually fell, so we went to Africa, and then to India, and so to Burma where we are now fighting. We have had one brief leave since arriving out here twelve months ago.

Now, according to the Government, I have to do five years out here before I can see my wife and my child, who will be five years old, and whom I have never seen.

Where are those M.P.s who will see to it that this blazing injustice is righted? We hope to hear from them.

Home Thoughts

Navy men engaged in transporting men and munitions to France, sometimes see flying bombs brought down in full flight, and are glad to know that some of them at least never reach England. P.O. R. V. Dennis, H.M.S. ——, writes to his mother at Fisherton Street, Salisbury, Wilts.:

So far we have been lucky, as although we have seen a few enemy aircraft, we have not been attacked. We have seen quite a number of "doodle bugs" going over, and we have seen some of them blown up and crash into the sea.

What a cheer goes up as they go down! We realise that each one brought down means the saving of the lives of men, women and children, and of homes saved from destruction, maybe your own.

We are hoping that the flying bomb will soon be mastered. All the same, I wish I knew from day to day how things are at home.

Nature Took a Hand

A "Moan" meeting held by men serving with the 14th Army was rudely interrupted, and Pte. C. A. Strick tells how, in a letter to his wife at Wrythe Lane, Carshalton, Surrey:

We have been billeted in "bashas," buildings made solely of bamboo and plaited cane lashed together. One of these buildings came to a sad end in circumstances that were rather ironical.

Our small detachment was having a meeting in it for the purpose of hearing "moans" and suggestions that would lead to the improvement of conditions under which we live.

During the "moan session" the chief item on the agenda was the appalling condition of the building in which our meeting was being held. Just as the lads were beginning their "moans" a terrific storm suddenly developed, with thunder, lightning and heavy rain, followed by a great wind.

We were all sitting round when there were warning crackings. The staff-sergeant gave a shout of "Outside!" but we needed no telling, for we were already dashing out to shelter in the ablution hut.

As we glanced back over our shoulders we saw that the building about which and in which we had been moaning was now just an untidy heap on the ground. Luckily, nobody was injured. Nature seemed to have heard our complaints and took drastic action!

We are now billeted in tents, and we are dubious about holding another "Moan" meeting!

Fishing—Indian Style

Here's a fishing story from India. Cpl. K. L. Pardoe, R.A.F., writes to his parents at Coleford, Gloucestershire :

. . . During my walk I found three officers fishing in the murky-looking river.

They were doing no good at all, as the river, owing to the monsoon, was running high and fast.

But the Indians do much better, even if their methods are a little unorthodox to our Western eyes. They wade out into the river until the water is up to their waists, then, standing poised with a pole above their heads, they wait.

Somehow they are able to see the fish in the muddy water, and down comes the pole with a swift movement that takes the fish by surprise. The Indian dips into the water, and brings up the fish—stunned!

End of a Machine-Gun

Taking part in the Normandy coast landing was Cpl. R. Cooper, who met trouble straight away, but luckily came through, wounded but cheerful. He writes to a friend at Trinity Street, Dorchester :

Just a line from hospital to let you know that I am well enough to take up a pen, after having been blown up by a mine, half-drowned, and finally collecting a couple of machine-gun bullets in my right leg.

. . . It was an exciting "do," that landing! I thought our craft was going to get to the beach without trouble, then we hit a mine. I was flung into the sea and some wreckage fell on top of me, holding me down, but I managed to struggle clear, and after a while was able to wade ashore.

We joined up with those who had landed before us, making good progress with plenty of support from our naval guns which knocked hell out of the Jerry fortifications.

I collected my little "packet" on the third day after landing. We had just cleaned up a village, which I cannot spell or pronounce the name, and our crew had got out for a "breather," when a machine-gun opened up on us.

Three of us went down, but, believe me, our lads soon wiped out that machine-gun post good and proper. . . . So here I am back in the old country again.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● The Minister of Health has admitted that fourteen authorities are interested in purchase of land for agricultural cottages. Judging by the long delays, each department has been employing snails to carry messages.—"W.D."

★ ★ ★

With all this talk of prefabricated houses, the Government should not forget that thousands of large houses now requisitioned for military and other purposes could be converted into blocks of residential flats.—D. Graham, Thicket Road, Sutton, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

We shall need A1 men after the war, but to compel sixteen-year-old youths to work night shifts does not seem the best way to secure fit young manhood.—"C.W.F.," Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Why this fuss about growing potatoes? Some farmers here have had them returned—with carriage to pay both ways. What's to be done with these potatoes, so urgently needed?—"Giles," Aberdeen.

★ ★ ★

For soling but not heeling a pair of women's shoes the charge was 9s. This is not so much profiteering as downright robbery.—"H.E.," Keighley, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

Calling-up papers were sent a man who was killed by German bombers four years ago. Such cruel blundering should be made punishable.—"Tyke," Yorks.

★ ★ ★

Grantham workmen were tarring the main road when heavy convoys were trying to get through the town. Result was a hold-up, not of the tarring, but of the military.—E. M., College Street, Grantham.

KILLED IN SIGHT OF SAFETY

● Mrs. G. M. R. Mineur had started to run to shelter when a flying bomb hit her house. She was instantly killed.

As Mrs. Mineur was a registered reader of JOHN BULL (regd. No. 188752), a cheque has been promptly sent to her next-of-kin under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers, free to every civilian reader an insurance policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against air raids, gas attacks, invasion and bombardment. (See page 3.)

Human Beings Enjoy Fussing Over Themselves

TAKE them all round, I think human beings are a bit too fond of themselves. They're always patting themselves on the back, and telling the universe what fine chaps they are.

And in case there's any doubt about it they give themselves silver cups and things to prove it.

In the piping times of peace you can get a silver cup for pretty well anything. You can get one for kicking a goal or growing a tomato seven inches across or swimming the Channel or catching an outsize dogfish.

★ ★ ★

Only human beings would think of it. A tomato wouldn't give itself a cup for being seven inches across. A dogfish would never want a medal for being the biggest dogfish off the end of the pier.

It's only humans who want to be trimmed up for being grand lads.

But when you add up all you've done on one side and all you haven't done on the other, and take the first from the second, you get a bit of a shock.

Have you ever thought about all the things you've never done and can't do? It's an eye-opener. If we're going to get a pat on the back for all the times we get the ring round the object, it seems only fair we should get a kick on the pants for all the times we don't.

I was thinking this morning about all the things I'm no good at, and it made me sick.

I have never swum the Channel or caught an outsize dogfish. Have you?

There are some Englishmen who can speak Chinese, but I can't. Can you? Can you mend a wireless when it goes wrong? I can't.

★ ★ ★

I can't repair my own shoes. I can't play the piano.

I'm awfully proud of myself. I think strangers ought to be pleased to meet me and simply crowd around me for my autograph.

But I can't make a picture frame, and I can't make a speech—well, not if anyone's listening. I can't run the hundred yards in any time that matters. I can't draw an elephant.

I can't tell the time by the stars, or remember people's names. I can't keep my desk tidy, or tell you the name of the river that Warsaw stands on.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I can't catch a moth.

Can you?

★ ★ ★

I can do dozens of things, but there are millions of things I can't do. I never know the names of the tunes in "Puzzle Corner." Do you?

What I've been swanking about all these years beats me now I come to think it over.

There are so many things I'm no good at that I'm about the best in the world, I should think, at being no good at things.

Somebody ought to give me a cup.

A. G.

Which of These Loved Most?

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Her dead husband would have appreciated her brave smile as she leaves a Buckingham Palace investiture

MY first letter this week introduces a problem which is all too familiar in war time.

I have two dear friends, says the writer, both of whom lost their sons at about the same time.

The one broods continually, spends hours in the lad's bedroom surrounded by his clothes and personal belongings, and speaks bitterly of God and mankind in general.

The other seems to have been sweetened by her sorrow. I met her the day after she had received the bad news. She was wearing a pretty frock and bright flowers at her throat. Her face was smiling. Only we who knew her well could detect the unnatural brightness of her eyes.

I said, "Your boy must feel very proud of you." She replied simply, "He always liked me in these colours." And so she has continued doing the things he would have wished.

I wonder which of these two loved more deeply? I think I know. Am I wrong, Humanist, in saying that we owe a duty to the living, and that although we feel that life can never be the same to us again, we should not air our sorrows or pity our own loneliness of heart?

When our own laddie left home for overseas his last words were: "Mother, try and keep just as you are to-day, smiling and singing about the house; and promise me that whatever happens you will not change." It has been difficult to keep that promise, but I have succeeded so far.

I naturally hesitate about answering that letter, not because I don't know what to say, but because I would not say one word to lacerate the feelings of those who have been so sadly bereaved.

We are not all made the same way. Some people treasure everything that belonged to the lost one and find some comfort from seeing them perpetually.

Others refuse to brood and keep their sorrows locked up within their own hearts. They ask for no expressions of sympathy.

What would your son wish you to do if he did not return? I think that question should help one to decide the answer. "Try to remain just as you are to-day, and think of me as I am now." That is what the majority would say, and they would say it with a smile which will never be forgotten.

Now for a totally different problem. A man writes to say he is one of the advance guard of war-ruined marriages.

On reading that first sentence my first thought was: "Another case of disloyalty—either he has fallen victim to an infatuation for another woman or his wife has fallen for another man."

Letters of that sort reach me every day of the week.

But it was not that story this time.

I was discharged from the Army in 1942, he says, and I have been home for over two years, but my wife and I don't seem able to get back the same feeling as in the days before I joined up. We have grown apart somehow.

When I first came home my wife said she had lived on her own so long that I seemed to get in the way. My disability, plus the continual petty squabbles are getting me down.

I never interfere in the household. I tip up my money regularly and let her please herself what she does with it. What more can I do?

She is a good housekeeper and looks after me well, but that isn't all a man expects from his wife. A bachelor can get that if he hires a housekeeper. I'm afraid a good many couples will have a shock when they are reunited.

I am not at all sure that the war is to blame. The same trouble might have occurred if the man had never left home.

Reading between the lines it is fairly obvious that the wife is one of those excellent housekeepers who have never taken kindly to marriage. She appears to suffer from frigidity—which is more common that one would expect.

Some time ago I printed a letter from a man who said he was married to an "iceberg" and was rather surprised to hear from many others who had the same problem.

It is a problem that is unusually prevalent in this country.

ANOTHER man tells me of the awful shock he had when his mother-in-law suddenly accused her husband of having an affair with another woman. The other woman (named) is both angry and amused because the charge is so ridiculous.

My mother-in-law has had her husband watched, he writes, without producing the slightest evidence. My wife and I have pleaded with her assuring her that she has imagined it, but all to no purpose.

We have tried doctors, clergy and every conceivable method, but she still sticks to her accusation. She has good health, money, comforts and a gentleman for a husband. We just cannot understand it.

Could we beg a few words from you on the subject? We should be very grateful.

The charge should not be taken seriously. It is almost certainly imaginary. There are many similar cases and they usually occur when a woman is passing through a difficult phase of life.

Later on she will probably laugh about her fears.

By J. V. GUERTER

HIDING among the rocks on the mountainside is a man, anxiously scanning the footpath. He is in German-occupied Italy, an escaped prisoner of war. He is waiting for darkness to cover the last lap.

Over there, he knows, just a few hundred yards away, is Switzerland—neutral territory.

Hundreds of soldiers have found themselves in this position and successfully made the last dash across the guarded frontier.

What happened to that escaped prisoner when he gave himself up to Swiss frontier guards was that he was taken to a transit camp, probably the big one at Olten, for medical examination and quarantine.

His name and particulars go to the British Legation and in a short time his wife or mother learns that he is safe—perhaps after being "missing" for weeks.

Under international law, the escaped prisoner-of-war who reaches a neutral country becomes a free man.

There can be no question of his being returned to his captors—the Swiss have even refused to return to Germany the considerable number of deserters from the German army who have crossed the frontier. If it is possible, the escaped prisoner is allowed to return to his native country.

In the case of Switzerland, hemmed in by Axis territory, it obviously isn't possible, although the moment our armies reach the Swiss frontiers the men will be free to return home.

Dear Living

In the meantime, Switzerland, in accordance with international law, "assigns a place of residence" for the men.

This means in practice that the "other ranks" are given camp accommodation in converted factories, schools and other suitable buildings.

The men are entitled to the same standard of housing and rations as Swiss soldiers. They are helped by canteens where they can get additional snacks at cheap prices—in Switzerland generally prices are high, much too high for the private with his 12 francs a week, but luckily beer and tobacco are cheap.

There are more than 70,000 refugees in Switzerland. Private hospitality has been generous—too generous for some officers and men who have felt embarrassed at being unable to return it.

The great difficulty is that exchange difficulties make it impossible to send these increasing numbers of men their full pay, and officers and men alike are rationed for money.

The other difficulty is boredom.

The men would like to work, not only to earn a few francs, but also to occupy mind and body. Some of them are working. The Swiss have started forestry and drainage camps for them.

But "total employment," which has looked large in British debates, is also a problem in Switzerland. Any suggestion that there was competition with Swiss labour would make our evades very unpopular.

Wireless Freedom

Much has been done to overcome these problems in recent months. The rush of escaped prisoners after the Italian collapse took the authorities by surprise.

Now there are increasing opportunities for vocational training, study courses, physical training and other ways of keeping body and mind fit.

One thing the escaped prisoners prize—they can turn the wireless sets which have been given by individual Swiss donors to what station they like!

The Swiss last year arranged for many escaped prisoners to have a month's winter sports in turn at a famous resort and provided instructors.

The Swiss gave many British prisoners a month at the winter sports

Prisoners in Neutral Countries

More than fifty passed difficult ski-ing tests.

The position of the Service man who reaches neutral territory in the course of operations is rather different. The soldier in battle forced over the frontier or the airman forced down on Swiss or Swedish territory has to be interned, to await repatriation at the end of hostilities.

Thirty thousand Frenchmen were interned after the 1940 campaign. They went back to France after the armistice. In the near future the Swiss may have to deal with even larger numbers of German and satellite troops trying to escape.

Parole can make internment less rigorous than it sounds. In fact, U.S. and British fliers in Switzerland and Sweden enjoy considerable freedom. An Anglo-American club for interned airmen has been formed in Berne with headquarters at the Hotel Schweizerhoff.

Old Manor House

If the men give their word that they will not attempt to escape they can live where they like. In Sweden many of them live at a fine old manor house near beautiful Lake Hinsnoret. There is a town a few miles away where they can go to the cinemas and shop, and they get "leave" in Stockholm. There are no guards, no barbed wire.

Newspapers and magazines come regularly from England and America—one advantage the Swedish internees enjoy over the Swiss ones. Postal conditions make it impossible to send magazines to Switzerland—the Germans won't let them through.

But these men are bored. Twenty-eight days' "leave" is all right, but the prospect of nothing but sports, reading and cinemas until the end of the war seems less rosy after a couple of months. Many of them, too, are studying, either just for the sake of learning or to help them after the war.

All men in neutral countries, whether evades or internees, should be paid for by their own countries. Britain and the U.S. have, of course, scrupulously observed this, although that does not mean the Swiss and Swedes have not spent considerable sums in private hospitality and gifts.

Germany is not such a prompt payer. She refuses to pay for her deserters, and in Dublin a few months ago the German Minister tried a considerable wangle to get out of paying 10s. a day for each of the 162 sailors interned after being rescued following the Bay of Biscay battle.

It did not come off. But it showed the spirit.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Blue Chin?

For a shaving stick that gives lather galore
that's Easy

For a shaving stick whose lather lightens the work of the blade
that's Easy

For a shaving stick with 100 shaves per stick

the answer's
EASY
SHAVING STICK
7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*
LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 372-757-65

DIRT & GREASE ARE QUICKLY REMOVED by GRE-SOLVENT
THE ORIGINAL CLEANER
The Best for Hands & Home
NO COUPONS
POWDER in Drums - 7d.
PASTE in Tins - 8d.

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

ZONING
We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Peace.

BATGER'S
'CHINESE' FIGS
NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

With a SOUPLEX blade or a DOUBLE SIX . . . you're shaved and spruce in a couple of ticks!

Millions of these famous blades go to the forces on all fronts. Small supplies are available for the public from time to time. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancashire.

"Walters'" Palm TOFFEE
absolutely takes the palm for Value, Quality and Charm

LAST LAUGH

A. C. (London, W.).—"A sick man doesn't like his visitors to be *too* cheerful." They should never give him the impression that they think the flat will be vacant soon.

J. J. S. (Frinton).—"If parachutists land in this country the Home Guard will give them socks." Which is more than the War Office is prepared to give the Home Guard.

D. H. (Ashford).—"News that causes alarm and despondency among some people has no such effect on others." They didn't back the wretched animal.

MRS. K. (Isleworth).—"My grocer said he had run out of cheese." There is no cheese matured enough for that nowadays.

J. J. (Uxbridge).—"An author's manuscript reaches the public in book form *vid* an agent, a publisher, a printer and a retailer." Some novelists cut out the public and write direct for salvage.

P. M. (Mortlake).—"I scratched my initials on a florin in 1935 and recently had the same coin given to me in change." It is interesting to reflect that nine years ago it was worth as much as 2s.

N. B. (Earlton).—"I heard a noise in the early hours of the morning, saw two burglars in the hall, and hurled a clock at them." It struck one!

NONAGENARIAN (Sheffield).—"In my young days a youth held his head up high and looked the world straight in the face." Yes, but, thank goodness, collars are now much lower and softer.

R. N. C. (Barrow).—"A German provincial paper recently said that the Fuehrer's greatest mistake was to invade Russia." But apart from this item there was nothing in its columns to indicate that this was the farewell number.

F. N. (Goole).—"Many brides are now married in trousers or short skirts." Trains cut.

D. C. (Mitcham).—"A Rugby football referee has been umpiring cricket matches." At first there was some confusion when he blew a whistle every time a batsman hit into touch.

J. B. (Highgate).—"Rabbit is now served in various forms at London restaurants." Sometimes simply as rabbit.

F. J. (Willesden).—"A Bavarian peasant was arrested for boasting that he had never heard a speech by the Fuehrer." He made matters worse by saying that he thought the radio *Achtung!* was a warning that one was due on the air.

H. N. (Harrow).—"One of the secrets of good health is to eat a raw onion every day." So that's your idea of a secret!

S. N. (Goole).—"I read somewhere that in his early days as a member of the Nazi Party, Hess used to do crochet work in his spare time." Not realising, of course, how much spare time he would have later on.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"I'm a bit worried for them Russians, mate. If they fires many more salutes in Moscow, there may not be enough shells left for the front."

Side-Slips

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"The Junkers was blown up with a burst of CANNOT fire."

DAILY HERALD:—"Two German armoured CADS were also knocked out by our infantry as they dashed through the street."

NORTHERN ECHO:—". . . when we shall be short in such essentials as milk, butter, cheese, beef, BUTTON and lamb . . ."

EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . and her eighteen-year-old son were found guilty of ASSISTING a police officer . . ."

EVENING CITIZEN:—"Legal AIR was granted . . ."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—". . . if she had any coupons to spare, as she wished to BURY a Salvation Army coat . . ."

SOMERSET GUARDIAN:—"As the BIRDS left the church she was presented with silver shoes . . ."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"For travelling on the L.N.E.R between Nottingham and Leicester without paying his FACE . . ."

NORTH WESTERN EVENING MAIL:—". . . six machine-BUNS and other automatic weapons."

GREATEST OF THESE

● It was by accident that we heard the story of a North Country ex-Serviceman. How he'd saved his company when it was cut off in the fighting before Dunkirk.

He just told us how his baby was lying ill, of his wife's accident, of his own poor health that had resulted in rent arrears.

We helped him to settle those arrears and pay the doctor. We can help other ex-Servicemen if you send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All donations are pooled and allocated fairly among deserving cases.

An acknowledgment will gladly be sent, though anonymous donations are equally welcome, and current subscription lists are available on request. Every penny of the administrative costs are paid by us.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

"BULLETS" No. 1435

FIRST PRIZE £50 PLUS RADIO

W. Whitaker, 65, Conway Rd., Owmpark, Treorchy, Glam., for this "Bullet":

IN A LITTLE SHOP DEMOCRACY ALSO "SERVED WELL."

£10 and Cutlery Set:
A. W. Baker, 5, Plymouth Rd., Totnes, S. Devon.

Crying Need—Or Crying Shame, Purchase?

£5 and Cutlery Set:
F. Barnett, 65, Woodstock Gdns., S.S. Blackpool.

For Every Husband—Clothing "Book" Only "Fiction"!

£4: R. A. Parry, 3, Ty Isaf Park Villas, Pontymister, Risca, Mon. Way The War's Going—To Birth-place—To Die!

£3: I. J. Rose, "Dublin," Ramsgate Rd., Broadstairs. Monty's Job—Absenteeism Delays—Especially Sen's!

£2: Mrs. M. Hadcroft, Duckworth Hall, Ormskirk. Victory's Banquet—Then Heroes "Sitting Around"?

25s.: C. Hendrick, 42, Prince Rd., S. Norwood, S.E.25. Victory's Date—Unknown, But Germany's "Ringed."

20s.: D. D. Scott, 78, Ashford Rd., Brighton. Man Who Can Talk—Grandpa Frits—Grandchildren Asleep.

24s.: J. Jones, 6, Beddoe St., Aberaman, Glam. Has To Be Careful—Hitler—Subject To "Attacks."

23s.: W. J. Gladding, 33, Varndean Gdns., Brighton. Victory's Host—So's That Flying Bomb!

20s.: Mrs. F. Locke, Grovesend, Thornbury, Bristol. Man Who Can Talk—Eloquently, Hubby, I'm Told!

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes.

A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS, XWORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers from issue dated Saturday, August 5.

XWORDS No. 827. WINNING WORDS
1. STARRED. 2. SPEND. 3. PARTY. 4. FOOD. 5. BALLOT. 6. MINT. 7. BILL. 8. GRAIL. 9. ART. 10. SPIN. 11. PITIED. 12. STARE. 13. OPEN. 14. ROUGH.

LAUGH-LINES No. 177. KEY LETTERS: C—J—D—B.

WHEREVER I GO

I SHALL CARRY MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Cardiff.
23rd July, 1943.

Dear Sirs,
I wish to register my appreciation in respect of the qualities of your Stomach Powder.
Three weeks ago I had severe stomach pains. . . . For ten days I suffered these pains and was not eating, the sight of it made me worse. . . .
About the 12th day I decided that it must be a question of a remedy, and I thought of Macleans . . . Now I am eating a ration and a half, can run and jump, have reached my former self completely. . . .
I can assure you wherever I go as a soldier I shall carry some Macleans.
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Sapper W.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price 2/3 and 5/7½ (Inc. Tax.) *Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."*

SUMMER COLDS CATARRH, 'FLU

Get Instant Relief With

REGD TRADE MARK

NOSTROLINE

SCIENTIFIC NASAL REMEDY

All Chemists 1/5, Including Tax

TAKE

PURITAN SALTS for RHEUMATISM

FOR SALE—3 MOUSETRAPS

"Things are looking bad — they've bought mousetraps! I haven't caught a mouse for months! I'll be out of the Larder Guard next!"

"Ah! that's more like it! They're giving me 'TIBS' at last. Now we'll see who can catch most mice!"

"Those mousetraps are getting rusty. I'm the best Larder Guard in the street since they gave me 'TIBS!'"

Treatment: One powder a day.

TIBS 'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food or drink. From all chemists and corn merchants. 7d. for 9, or 1/6 for 27.

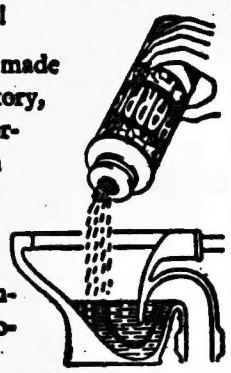
100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!



Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

HARPIC

Work a Joy

Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Fynnon Salt for RHEUMATISM

A great deal of Rheumatism is believed to be caused by certain poisons in the blood. And in this connection there is an interesting fact about Fynnon Salt which should be better known. A dose of Fynnon after it has passed through your stomach on its way down through the system,

DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS

Part is absorbed into the blood—thus stimulating the kidneys to filter poisons away from your circulation by way of the bladder. The other part of the dose enters the intestines—and so gently relieves the bowels, thus removing the stagnating material in which poisons responsible for Rheumatism are apt to originate.

To avoid or relieve any kind of Rheumatism, such as Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica and the like, and particularly if you are inclined to be constipated, you will see the wisdom of taking Fynnon Salt. Get yourself some Fynnon Salt today!

Large Size Fynnon Salt 1/6
(Including Purchase Tax)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (333)

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF!

marred by spots, ugly rashes and pimples is cleared "like magic" by Cuticura Ointment. It cleanses pores of all impurities and assures skin health. *2/10 & 1/5 at all Chemists & Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

£100 BUMPER 'Bullets' FIRST! and 250 NEW PRIZES!

250 Useful NEW PRIZES

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, August 25.

BRITAIN UNITED
NO PEACE
VICTORIOUS ARMY
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
IN RUSSIA
TOMMY'S PROBLEM
IN THE END
HOUSES FOR ALL
MAKES US THINK
CROWD OF SIGHTSEERS

BULLETS 1,435 RESULT appears on page 14

ANXIOUS TO HELP
OUR EVACUEE
HIS MEDALS
OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL
SANDY'S TOMATOES
PITIFUL SIGHT
AUNTIE'S PROGRAMME
NOT FIGHTING
WITH REGRET
TO HEAR DAD TALK

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

DOWN WITH.....AND
A FEW.....
BACK TO THE.....
BELONGS TO.....
BEST.....
TO SHOW HIS.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter on blank paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 26. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, Aug 14. **1,439**
Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest. Complete Xword in ink not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword coloumns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the conditions that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£100 CASH for ONE-WEEK X-WORD!

PRIZES 25 EXTRA

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 391

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 AFTER THE WAR WE'LL DO THIS MORE THAN EVER ON THE ROADS	SPE D			
2 IT'S ASSURED IF DINER HAS TO PUT UP WITH THIS AT HOME, TOO	AMP			
3 NOT ONE IS DANGEROUS	OVE			
4 THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO THINK OF STRONG DRINK AS MERELY THIS	ICE			
5 THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH AND OFF IT SEEMS TO GO	BAI			
6 IT MAY BE WISE TO WATCH UNSCRUPULOUS CARD PLAYER'S MOST CLOSELY	D AL			
7 DESCRIBES WRITINGS OF QUITE A NUMBER OF SATIRISTS	LAS ING			
8 IT IS SOMETHING WHICH DOESN'T LAST LONG	FA			
9 THIS OF SEASONED FISHING-ROD PLEASES AN EXPERT ANGLER	EEL			
10 CERTAIN SHOP ASSISTANTS HAVE TO DEAL WITH	RUS			
11 MANY PEOPLE REGARD AS RATHER HEAVY	OAD			
12 MEN FIND THEY HAVEN'T SO MANY FRIENDS WHEN THEY ARE	S RE			
13 IT'S A PITY THAT M.P. SHOULD BE ELECTED BECAUSE OF	EAT			
14 OCCASIONALLY MAY BE OF VITAL VALUE TO QUARRY	STO E			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Aug. 26.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 14
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
391

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,439—or Xword No. 391, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

SOMETHING EVERY SMART GIRL SHOULD KNOW

"More new pyjamas! Poor John, I bet you've got his coupons again."

"Suspicious child, I've had these ages. Sylvan's the secret."

"Sylvan! But where do you get Sylvan Flakes, or is that a secret too?"

"I've told you before, honey. If you want Sylvan Flakes you must ask for them. I always do and I get them most times."

"I know. I must pluck up my courage and ask for Sylvan. Supposing the grocer says 'No'?"

"Give him a big smile and ask him to save you some next time."

Sylvan Flakes are scarcer now, so save them for your precious stockings, underwear and other special things. You can still get your share of Sylvan-Flakes. Regular supplies are being sent to your shop. To save cardboard Sylvan Flakes are now sold loose. You can tell them by their pure white appearance. Be sure to ask for

SYLVAN FLAKES

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

423

For prompt relief from Pain

-take Phensic

It is only half the truth to say that Phensic dispels pain! You can find plenty of things to do that . . . and some of them may act almost as quickly as Phensic. What makes Phensic so desirable is its power to bring new strength and vitality. Quickly, safely, Phensic produces freedom from pain and a feeling that you want to be up and doing. If you have never tried Phensic—*do so now!*

Quickly! Two sizes only: 1/6 and 3/3 inc. Purchase Tax.

take some Phensic

SAVE NOW

FOR SAFETY LATER

You can do this in a very attractive and convenient way by taking out a "PEARL" With-Profits Endowment Assurance Policy—whether your savings are large or small.

Such a policy would not only safeguard your own future but also protect your dependants throughout the period of the assurance.

Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement.

You are invited to apply for particulars.

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
Chief Offices: High Holborn, London, W.C.1

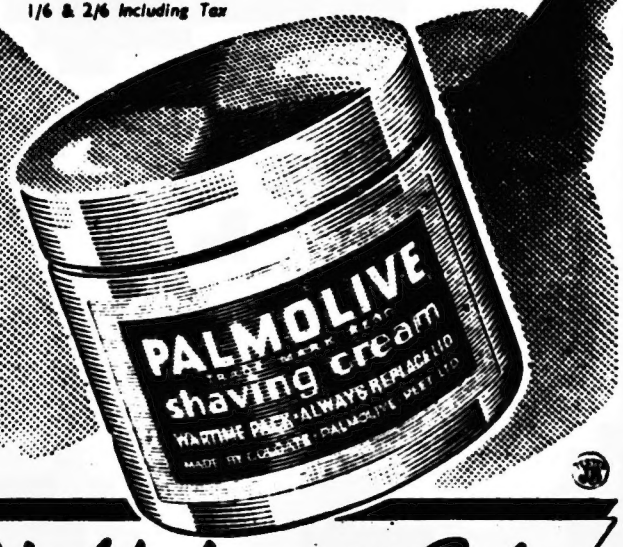
66

Billions of Bristles

MOPPED UP EACH MORNING

by the Softening, Smoothing, Soothing lather of PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

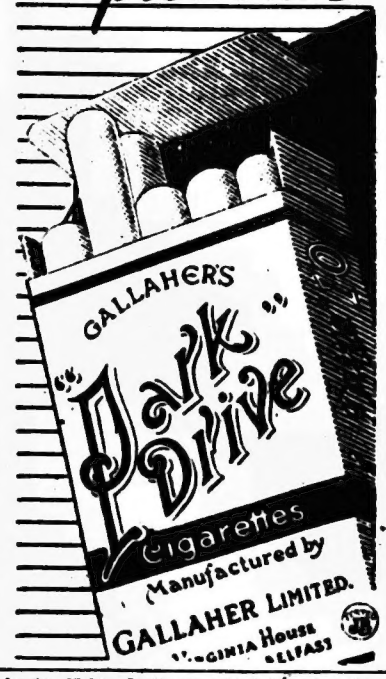
1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax



★ World's largest Sale

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure



"MAZO SAVES SOAP!"

Whitens linens—
Brightens colours—
Removes stains

MZ 99-9

SELLING AGENTS: JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.